The Relief Society Magazine

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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1952

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 39, NO. 1 JANUARY 1952

Lullaby

Lael W. Hill

Unroll the shadows now; out of dim corners
Draw the soft twilight, the velvet-gray gloom.
Layer on layer, swathe carpet and ceiling—
Veil the four walls of the little boy's room.

Ravel the outlines of crib and of rocker;
Loose a low humming through dusk flowing deep.
Tenderly watch, while his eyelids grow weary—
Tenderly wait, till he drifts into sleep.

Cover him warmly with comfort and loving;
Fasten one wishing-star, tiny and bright,
Outside his window. Now darkness enfolds him—
Leave him to dreaming . . . goodnight . . . goodnight.

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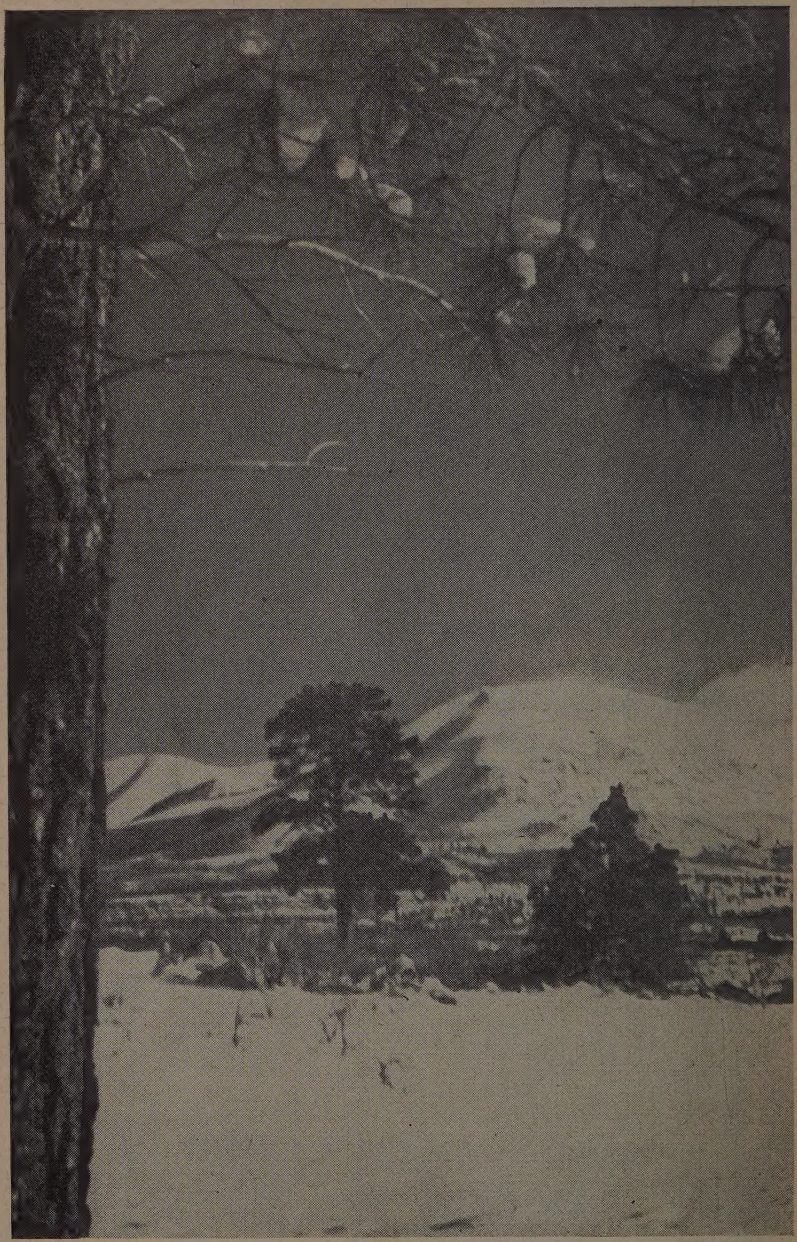

Willard Luce

WINTER NEAR THE BLUE (ABAJO) MOUNTAINS
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Greetings for the New Year

THIS is the dawn of a New Year. A time when we pause to reflect upon the past and to evaluate and be thankful for the blessings which the old year has brought. A time to review all the joyous things which we will choose to remember about the old year, and which we will resolve to carry over into the new year's dawning.

Latter-day Saint women the world over turn with gratitude to our Father in heaven that we are privileged to live at this time in the fullness of the gospel light, that we have been granted the rare opportunity of associating with the women of Relief Society, who have shown through their devoted service to his cause, their love of God and their appreciation of his blessings.

We desire to express our love and gratitude to all the sisters for their co-operation in everything asked of them, the painstaking efforts they have made to carry out all instructions. We tender our thanks for the courtesy extended to us in our visits to the stakes. We feel greatly enriched by these associations.

We are grateful for all that has been done by the sisters throughout the world in the past to bring to pass the present splendid condition of Relief Society.

The past year has been one of marked success for Relief Society work, for there has been a notable increase in membership, accomplishments, and spirituality.

We extend to our sisters everywhere our best wishes for a Happy New Year; may it be one of contentment and peace. If, in the wisdom of God, these cannot come to all mankind, may each obtain in his own heart a peace that passeth the understanding of men and a contentment that will endure throughout all time.

Affectionately,

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Velma N. Simonsen
General Presidency

Purpose of Writing "The Progress of Man"

President Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951.]

I AM happy, I am sure, to be here and see this building so well crowded. I think you will have to ask for the Tabernacle next time. I understood that I was to say something in regard to the book *The Progress of Man*, but you have heard such a thorough presentation of it that it is hardly necessary for me to say anything more about it. But I do want to tell you the reason why this book was written, the purpose of it. On the title page you will find two paragraphs that I am going to read to you. This book is:

> A brief treatise on the outlines of man's history upon the earth; his periods of advancement and retrogression, the governments and laws—divine and human—to which he has been subject through the ages, with a declaration that it is the right of Jesus Christ to rule and reign upon the Earth.
>
> Also a declaration that the hand of the Almighty has been over the nations, limiting them in their exercise of power, and turning their designs to His own purposes. The facts of history are interpreted in the light of the revealed Word of God, and the final destiny of the Earth and Man is foreshadowed.

The revelations of the Lord teach us a very different story in regard to man, where he came from, why he is here, and where he is going, to anything that you can get in any of the textbooks on sociology or kindredologies dealing with man.

The first man placed upon the earth was a perfect being, a son of God. He was Michael, the Archangel, who had reached great distinction and power before he ever came to this earth, who helped to frame this earth while he was yet a spirit, just as our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was a spirit before he was born in Bethlehem.

Michael, after being placed upon this earth, is known as Adam. He received his tabernacle of flesh from the dust of this earth, he belongs to it; but he was one of the greatest of the intelligences and was sent here to this earth to stand at the head of his posterity, to rule over them through the ages of eternity. We are indebted to him for more than we think. Through him we get these tabernacles of flesh and bones, tabernacles for our spirits. Our spirits are the begotten sons and daughters of God; so is Adam's, but he was sent here for the purpose of peopling this earth with bodies of flesh and bones.

And the Lord gave him commandments after he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, revealed to him the plan of salvation, and he taught his children, and he set up a government. It was a perfect government, for Adam listened to the counsels of the Almighty, his Father, and our Father. He taught

his children principles of divine truth and endeavored to establish them in the knowledge and understanding of the things of the kingdom of God.

We read in the scriptures that, in course of time, when children were born they began to rebel, many of them, not all of them, but a great many of his posterity (and he had a numerous posterity) turned away from his teachings. Eventually, after Adam had filled his mission upon the face of the earth, the children had forgotten the commandments of God and had rejected his government, and they set up governments of their own. They became so corrupt that the Lord had to destroy them and start over again.

Noah and his sons started out well. Their first government was a theocracy in which the Lord spoke, and through which he governed. But it was not so many years after the flood when men again became rebellious and turned away from the truth. They began to spread out over the face of the earth, they had ambitions, they were filled with the spirit of selfishness, and so they rejected the commandments from the government the Lord had given them, and set up governments of their own. And so wickedness once more began to prevail and spread over the face of the earth.

THE Lord called a young man out of the land of the Chaldeans and said to him, "Because of the wickedness of mankind I am going to place my Priesthood, my authority, on you, and I am going to make covenants with you, and I am going to give you my law and set your people, your descendants on high, and they shall be my people and I will recognize them as my people, the chosen people."

And through that blessing there came the house of Israel and among all the nations upon the face of the earth, Israel, apparently, so far as the other side of the world is concerned, was the only people who were ruled by prophets and received commandments and were governed by the revelations coming from the Lord.

The Lord had led a people out into this part of the country and called them the Jaredites. He started them off, too, long before the days of Abraham, with his commandments, and with prophets to lead them. But they, too, rebelled, and Israel rebelled and the punishments of the Lord came upon them and from all the way down from the very beginning of time man has been rebellious and has refused, with few exceptions and short periods of time, to be directed by divine revelation.

But because of men's own desire and ambition to rule, to have authority, they have usurped the power and set up their own governments, and the world from the very beginning has been in turmoil, in trouble, in wars, and bloodshed, because man would not let his Father in heaven rule him, but usurped the powers unto himself.

Now the purpose of this book is to show this whole history from the beginning to the end, with the periods of righteousness when men did hearken, and how they were blessed! showing how the judg-

ments of the Almighty came upon them when they rebelled. And it sets forth the great work, the plan of our Father in heaven, in regard to the destiny of the human family. They who are willing to keep his commandments under all circumstances are eventually gathered into his fold in the kingdom of God, over which Jesus Christ, the King, shall rule and reign.

NOW, I said that man has always been rebellious. I want to read to you a few ideas from one of these chapters. The first man, as I have said, was highly intelligent. The world doesn't teach you that. It teaches you that man in the beginning was not intelligent, that he developed from lower forms until he reached the stage where he could be called a man through his progression. The first man placed upon this earth was an intelligent being, created in the image of God, possessed of wisdom and knowledge and power to communicate his thoughts in a language both oral and written which was superior to anything to be found on the earth today. This may sound very sweeping and dogmatic to those who hold to the other view, but it is not any more so than their statement to the contrary. Moreover, I do not say it myself, but merely repeat what the Lord has said, and, surely, the Creator, above all others, ought to know.

The first man was instructed by the best teacher man ever had, for he was taught by God and spoke the language of the Most High, in which angels conversed, this language he taught to his children. It is true that he was left to work out, through the use of his faculties, many of nature's great secrets, but the Lord did not leave him helpless, but instructed him, and he was inspired by the Spirit of the Lord.

You are told, and it is also written in so many textbooks, that men have come up to the stage of civilization which we now possess, by long, very long, periods of time from an age of savagery. This book will tell you that the mental degeneracy and savagery which prevail upon the face of the earth and have prevailed upon it, have come through men's wickedness. Man was intelligent in the beginning. And there is such a thing as restrogression as well as advancement. And without the Spirit of the Lord man cannot progress. And we have seen that from the beginning, nations have risen to great power, they have ruled the earth so far as they understood the earth, and they have decayed. They have reached a stage of civilization where God was forgotten, where immorality took the place of virtue, wickedness and vice the place of righteousness, and then the Lord has placed his hand upon them and they have fallen. That has been the nature of man all the way down the ages. One man, in writing, saw this picture very clearly, Lord Byron, and he wrote after speaking of the rise and fall of peoples as he went over the countries and saw the ruins of the glory of the past:

There is the Moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
First Freedom, and then Glory—when
that fails,

Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page.

The reason for writing these lessons in the book was to place before the members of the Church, the Latter-day Saints, an outline of these conditions that have come down through all of these ages; that we might profit by the experience of the past and accept of these experiences so that we will not fall into the same forbidden ways; that we might avoid the pitfalls, the wickedness, and the destiny that has overtaken one nation after another clear down to the end of time. Eventually, the Lord will set up his own nation, his own kingdom, and the earth will be cleansed of its unrighteousness.

Now I see our time is gone, so I will say the Lord bless you, and I hope that you get some good out of these things that you study. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

They Wait and Pray

Ruth H. Chadwick

The Marys of today walk hand in hand
With her along those paths through Galilee;
Alone, like her, they long unceasingly
To follow him across the alien sand.
They know her emptiness through endless days;
The numbed yet throbbing pulse when time stands still;
The grim imaginings that stalk the will
And choke resolve to walk with cheerful ways.
They know her helplessness, her fierce desire
To spare her son the treacheries of men;
But faith, undaunted, nurtures hope again,
And trusting hearts defy the inner fire.
They wait and pray! Through him at Calvary,
They glimpse the glory of eternity.

Friend of the Lord

Josephine J. Harvey

He was the Prophet of the latter day,
Chosen of the Lord to lead his way.

Holding the keys of this dispensation,
He sent the everlasting gospel forth.
Living great, he walked with courage to the end,
He was a man the Lord addressed as "friend."

Though he was unlearned in the eyes of men,
He drank from the fountain of eternal life;
Through his humble hands, the Lord has hurled
The torch of truth to light a darkened world.

Honor and glory are his from age to age,
Who lifted a lamp on history's page.

Latter-Day Saint Education to Build Faith

Elder Mark E. Petersen
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951.]

IT is very important that we have an educational program in the Relief Society. So many women, especially those who do not come to Relief Society, get the idea that Relief Society is only for the relief of the poor; but I am grateful that we have an educational program in this organization, because, as the gospel teaches:

> Man shall not live by bread alone.
> The glory of God is intelligence.
> It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance.

The Lord has commanded that we become perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect. If we are going to keep that commandment, we must, by all means, seek for wisdom, knowledge, and light, and apply that knowledge, light, and wisdom in building faith, and becoming like our Father in heaven.

It was surely the intention of the Lord that we carry on an educational program in the Church. He made it clear in the revelations that he has given to us, and I would like to read a sentence or two from some of those revelations. This one particularly is well known to you. The Lord says:

> As all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. . . . Appoint among yourselves a teacher, and let not all be spokesmen at once; but let one speak at a time and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege (D. & C. 88: 118, 122).

The Lord was not satisfied merely to mention that principle once, and so, at a later time and in still another revelation, he repeated a part of that same injunction, and said again:

> As all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom. Yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study, and also by faith (D. & C. 109:7).

I hope you notice in the very wording of that scripture, that the big point he has in view in all of this study is to build faith. He actually uses the expression that "as all have not faith," seek learning, etc.

Now there are different kinds of learning. Some education builds faith. Some education destroys faith. It is the objective of Latter-day Saint education, through our organizations, to build faith and save souls.

Education which builds faith is good education. Education which destroys faith is bad education.

THE Book of Mormon made this clear. You remember the ancient prophet said, "To be learned is good, if they hearken unto the counsels of God." But the same prophet gave us an example of bad education, when he said:

> O the vainness, and the frailities, and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish (2 Nephi 9:28).

Inasmuch as we have these two kinds of education, bad and good, the bad being that which fails to build faith, or destroys it, and the good being the kind which actually builds faith, it is for us to select the kind of learning that will be beneficial to us. We need guidance.

The Savior gave us the Holy Ghost, as you remember, to guide us into all truth. Paul made it very clear in his writings to the ancient saints, that in their learning they must get the correct point of view, otherwise their learning would be of no profit to them. In fact, it would be dangerous for them. But he also taught that we need guidance and direction, so that we can get the right point of view and acquire the right knowledge and use that knowledge in the proper way to build faith.

And in order to give us this guidance, Paul said the Lord placed in the Church some apostles and prophets, some pastors and teachers for the edifying of the body of Christ, for the perfecting of the saints. And he added that this guidance was provided so that we would henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.

Then he said this very, very important thing, which I think is pertinent to us at this time:

> I say therefore . . . walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart . . . (Eph. 4:17-18).

So Paul here presents the idea, as I interpret his scripture at least, that Gentile education, which fails to build faith, actually is a system of ignorance, it is a system of blindness, it is a system which alienates people from the way of God. And if we indulge only in this Gentile education and fail to mix it with faith in God, it is blindness and ignorance to us and will alienate us from the Lord.

Is it any wonder, then, that Paul warned the people against that kind of education?

The wisdom of man is indeed foolishness to God, and again may I read what Nephi said:

> To be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God. O that cunning plan of the evil one! O the vainness, and the frailties and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves (2 Nephi 9:29, 28).

That is bad education, and yet there are many Latter-day Saints who indulge in it.

IT is an easy thing to get the wrong point of view as we study. It is an easy thing to get off on the wrong track. In our formal education, we have had many instances where people have done so. We even have had returned missionaries go to college and have their faith destroyed because the education of the Gentiles blinded them and alienated them "from the life of God," to use the words of Paul. When we get that kind of education it is indeed blindness and foolishness, and it is destructive of our faith in God.

We might study government, also, and in that field what could we do? We might study good, solid Americanism, or we might be trained in Communism. There are many in America who have been blinded by the cunning craftiness of men, and now are beginning to choose the blackness of Communism instead of the light of true Americanism.

The same thing is true in the field of religion. We might study the restored gospel of Christ which saves, or if we are blinded by the craftiness of men, we might prefer the doctrines of uninspired teachers so condemned by the Savior in his first appearance to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

There are different points of view among scientists. Some are willing to accept only the demonstrated truth, actual facts that are proved and tried. But then there are those pseudo-scientists who prefer to take their point of view from theories and hypotheses, and guesswork of some who think they are making wise deductions from facts.

So one may have whatsoever point of view he likes, I suppose. But it is our responsibility as teachers in the Church to get the point of view in education which will build and develop faith.

I remember a wonderful tribute that was paid not long ago to Dr. Carl Eyring of the Brigham Young University. Brother Eyring, an outstanding teacher of science, stood before his class with scientific information, and what did he do with it? He built up a point of view in the minds of the students that these scientific facts demonstrate beyond a doubt that God lives, that he is the Creator, that he is an intelligent Being, and that man is the child of God.

Then there was another teacher who would take similar data and teach that there is no God.

Again, what point of view are we seeking in our education? What are we seeking to build? We must build faith, because that is the responsibility of this Church.

We are face to face with two great needs. One is on the part of the person who learns, the other on the part of the person who teaches. The student must be wise in selecting the kind of training which will give to him or her the right point of view and help to build faith in God.

THE teacher must be willing to uphold her Church responsibility to promote faith. We must remember that just as bad kings in ancient times taught wickedness to their people, a teacher today who loves the wisdom of man more than the wisdom of God, is in a position where he or she can actually lead people astray, and establish in their minds a false understanding of the truth, and direct their thinking in dangerous paths.

Great is the responsibility of the teacher. A teacher must promote faith. If she does, all is well, but if she does not, great harm results. You remember that the Savior said at one time, "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of God."

In the Relief Society we have lesson courses which are well planned and well thought out, with the one idea in mind of giving to the women of the Church the proper point of view in education. Our lesson course is designed to do what Nephi said "to provide education and learning, with faith."

We expect that all who teach in the Relief Society organization will use the information at hand to develop a point of view in the minds of the women in this Church which will lead them into faith, and from faith into righteous works, that their souls may be saved.

That we may have that point of view and that we may teach faith and use all of the knowledge and information that comes into our hands for the purpose of saving and enlightening our people, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Snowflake

Maryhale Woolsey

Here on my dark glove resting transiently,
Behold a masterpiece of mystery:
Fragment of cloud, star-cut and whitest white,
Gentle as thistledown in lazy flight . . . .

More fragile than an orchid's tender petals;
More delicately patterned than old lace;
Vanishing at a touch, a breath—and leaving
A glint of moisture as its only trace.

Yet soon its myraid sisters from the sky
Will overwhelm the hills; the fields will lie
Vanquished—discovering in this frail ice-flower,
Winter's ethereal beauty . . . and winter's power!

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1951 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the June 1951 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1951.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her poem "Shine Softly, Stars."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Iris W. Schow, Brigham City, Utah, for her poem "Words."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Mabel Law Atkinson, Dayton, Idaho, for her poem "Barren Woman's Cry."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were one hundred twelve poems submitted in this year's contest. Many of the poems submitted this year revealed beauty of thought, and nearly all the subjects of the entries were based upon a significant and timely theme.

Twenty states, Mexico, and the Dominion of Canada were represented in this year's contest, the largest number of entries coming from Utah, with twelve from California, twelve from Idaho, eight from Arizona, six from Canada, three from Mexico, and three from New Mexico, with two each from the following states: Florida, Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Montana.

None of the women who received awards in this year's Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest has previously received an award in this contest, although all are contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*. The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

SYLVIA PROBST YOUNG

First Prize Poem

Shine Softly, Stars

Sylvia Probst Young

Shine softly, little lamps of night,
O silvery stars, shine down,
The crescent moon is pale and white,
And out from Bethlehem town,
Across the cool, dark desert sand
A small beast moves along,
Safe guided by his master's hand,
While night winds hum a song.

Shine softly, stars, a mother keeps
Her vigil, here at rest
The baby rides and gently sleeps
Soft pillowed to her breast.
She knows his eyes are heaven blue,
Her fingers touch his hair,
His lips are fresh as morning dew,
His petal cheek how fair.

Oh, mother, hold him while you may.
Love guard you tenderly,
How torn with grief shall be the way,
That leads to Calvary.
Shine softly, stars, pale moon hang low,
Oh, winds of night, be mild,
Bright angels mark the way they go,
And keep this little child.

IRIS W. SCHOW

Second Prize Poem

Words

Iris W. Schow

Oh, never think of words as merely words:
They are the essence kept from quiet lives;
Eternal jewels set in tender looks
And offered as a pledge of lasting love.
Words are a coverlet a mother weaves
To warm her child and keep a harsh world out;
The kernels gleaned from fire-wasted lands;
The moving lips of seers whose flesh is dust.
They are the courage of a patriot
Become a torch to pass from mind to mind.
Words stand like guideposts by a narrow way;
They are an indestructible, tight cord
From earth to heaven by way of Sinai,
A groping hand may firmly grasp to guide
A pair of plodding feet.
Words are the means
By which the very thinking of our Lord,
Leaping like sparks from flint, out of our hearts,
Can rise to kindle light in troubled minds.

MABEL LAW ATKINSON

Third Prize Poem

Barren Woman's Cry

Mabel Law Atkinson

O mothers, you whose sons are called to war,
The cruel talons also tear my soul.
Your boys return to wear a battle scar,
Are maimed and wounded; are not spirit-whole.
And you, who mourn a grave in foreign earth
Beneath white crosses, gleaming row on row,
On reverent knees give thanks that you gave birth
To sons who bid democracy to grow.
I share with you the yearning for God's grace,
Beseeching him to reach to warring zones.
Could I have known a soldier-son's embrace,
My heart would sing above its anguished moans.
You walk in tears the path that Mary trod,
But hear my cry: Would that I might, O God!

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest which was announced in the June 1951 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1951.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Mabel S. Harmer, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "Eloise and the Indian."

The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Blanche Kendall McKey, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "No Tears, Beloved."

The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Margery S. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "The Least of These."

All three winners in this year's contest have written many excellent stories for *The Relief Society Magazine*, and are well known contributors to other magazines of wide circulation. All of the prize winning authors have received awards in previous Relief Society Short Story Contests.

This contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1952.

Thirty-three manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1951. Most of the stories entered in the contest were well written and revealed thoughtful construction and careful technique.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of over 100,000 subscribers, thus giving the work of its authors a large number of interested and appreciative readers. There are subscribers in every state in the Union, and in Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, Australia, England, France, Germany, South America, and in many other countries. Writers, recognizing this large and varied audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation for all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, is the wife of Reid W. Young, and the mother of four sons. Her name is already familiar to *Relief Society Magazine* readers who have enjoyed her stories: "We Are So Busy" (March 1949); "That Monson Kid" (April 1950); "A Star Is Shining" (November 1950); "Polly Played for Keeps" (June 1951); and "A Vacation for Mother" (July 1951). Two of her poems have also been published in the *Magazine*.

Sister Young informs us that writing has always been an important part of her life. "I have written poetry and stories for all of the Church magazines, *The Deseret News, Utah Magazine*, the anthology, *Utah Sings*, and a national anthology. While in the California Mission I had the privilege of being editor of the mission magazine, *The Calimis*."

* * * *

Iris W. Schow, daughter of Elmer C. and Eleanor Welch Schow, Brigham City, Utah, is a graduate of the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah. At present she is a teacher in the Central School, Brigham City.

A number of her poems have been published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, and others have appeared in *The Deseret News, The Improvement Era*, and in several poetry magazines. She is active as an officer and teacher in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, being now a teacher of the junior class in Sunday School.

She is a member of the Box Elder chapter of the National League of American Pen Women, and also a member of The Writer's Realm, the Box Elder Chapter of the League of Utah Writers.

* * * *

Mabel Law Atkinson, of Dayton, Idaho, has already been represented by several excellent poems in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Two years ago she began to study the technique of poetry writing at home and has received awards in several poetry contests during the past year. Her first poems were published in *The Juvenile Instructor* when she was a child. She is a member of Midwest Chaparral Poets, Modern Bards, Avalon, and Word Weavers.

The wife of Earl J. Atkinson, she is the mother of four living children and grandmother to three little grandsons. A son is now serving a mission in the Central Atlantic States. Mrs. Atkinson tells us that her life "has been filled to the brim with the joys of motherhood, schoolteaching, Church, and community service."

* * * *

Mabel S. Harmer, of Salt Lake City is well known to *Relief Society Magazine* readers for her serial stories, "The Lotus Eater" (1937-38) and "For the Strength of the Hills" (1951), as well as for her many excellent short stories which have appeared in the *Magazine* since 1933. Her story "The Pink Angel" was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1944. Mrs. Harmer has had five books published and is the author of numerous plays, articles, poems, and stories which have been published in national magazines. She is state president of the League of Utah Writers and for the past four years has written a daily children's story for *The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. Harmer, wife of Earl W. Harmer, is the mother of five children, and she has four grandchildren. She has held many executive positions in the auxiliary organizations of the Church and is generous with her time and talents in assisting in entertainments and programs in her ward and stake.

Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

Eloise and the Indian

Mabel S. Harmer

ELOISE always said that she had been brought up on the story of Grandmother Jason and the Indian, along with lemon pie on Tuesday and the semi-annual visit to Dr. Stokes, the family dentist.

While she was still young enough to be carried up to bed on her father's shoulder, she remembered shivering delightedly at the story of how Grandma Jason had been alone in her cabin, with only her two babies, when the Indian came demanding food and threatening to kill her if she didn't give him "biscuit."

Grandma had had no biscuit that day. At least, none to give away. But she did have Grandpa's rifle, and she had plenty of courage. Armed with both, she had driven the Indian away from the house. Nor was that the end of the story. Later she had walked six miles through the snow in order to take some medicine to the Indian's sick child. According to family legend, there never had been anyone quite like Grandma Jason.

A wave both of envy and admiration for the grand old lady swept through Eloise as she came down the stairway preparatory to a call on Jim Booker. She glanced in the dining room where Davy, her sixteen-year-old son, was spreading out model airplane parts over the table. "Be sure to have everything cleared up in plenty of time for lunch," she reminded him.

MABEL S. HARMER

"Okay, Mum. Where're you going?" he asked, scarcely glancing up from his work.

"I'm going to call on an Indian," she replied, and walked out before he had recovered from his surprise enough to ask further details.

As she closed the screen door behind her she thought grimly, I

wish that I had inherited grandmother's courage instead of her black hair. I'm going to need an extra supply rather badly, I'm afraid.

David had left the car home for her use that day, but she decided to walk anyway. "It will give me more time to get organized and decide what method of attack I'm going to use," she told herself, knowing all the time that the real reason was it would delay her talk for at least another twenty minutes.

She hadn't known that the six city blocks could be covered in so short a time. I really ought to walk to town oftener, she thought, as she paused before the red brick building where Jim Booker had his modest office. In the narrow hallway she looked on the directory for his name and office number. There it was, Jim Booker, Fire Insurance, 145. Precious little fire insurance he sold, if rumor was true. Or at least it was a very minor part of his business activities. But, of course, it sounded much more respectable than "Taverns, Inc.," or whatever he might call his other enterprises.

One forty-five. That would be on the second floor. She climbed the stairs slowly, the butterflies in her stomach becoming more lively with every step upward. She wished that he really was an Indian and that she could take after him with a rifle. She believed, on the whole, it would be much more simple.

There was a girl at the desk, pretty in spite of her too-heavy makeup, who looked at Eloise with surprised eyebrows. To herself Eloise said, "I daresay I'm not the usual type of caller at all." Aloud she asked pleasantly, "Will you please ask Mr. Booker if I may see him?"

"Sure," replied the girl, lifting the phone. "A lady to see you, Mr. Booker," she stated, then turned and nodded in the direction of the door, "Go on in."

ELOISE opened the door herself and walked into the inner office. Mr. Booker half rose from his chair, evidently surprised to see that his caller really was a lady.

"Sit down, Ma'am," he said with some slight embarrassment, which helped in some small degree to put her at her ease. Then, seeming to spread over as much of his chair as possible, he asked, "What can I do for you?"

"I am Mrs. David Reynolds," she stated, "and live at 987 Linden Avenue. I've heard that you intend to put up a tavern on the corner of Ninth Street and Linden. Is that so?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't call it a tavern exactly," replied Booker slowly. "Just a sort of soft drink parlor."

"Is your license for soft drinks only?"

"Well, no—not exactly, but—"

"That's what I understood," she interrupted. Then, leaning forward a trifle, she went on seriously, "Mr. Booker, I'd like to ask you not to put it there."

He gave a grunt of surprise as he said with a half smile, "You would? I guess you know that that corner is zoned for business, and I have every right to put in a little place there."

Eloise nodded. "Yes, I know that you have every legal right." She didn't add that it had probably been obtained through questionable means and influence. "But what about the moral right? Doesn't that count at all with you?"

"Moral right. Don't know what you mean." He opened a drawer, ruffled some papers, and shut it again.

"Surely you must realize what it will mean to the young boys of the neighborhood to have that kind of a place so handy. Perhaps most of them will never step inside—at least, for nothing more than a soft drink, but it spoils the atmosphere of the neighborhood. It means having noisy people around at all hours. It opens up the way for similar establishments. It—" Eloise paused. She didn't want to make him too angry. That would hurt more than it would help.

"Bunk," he snapped. "This isn't going to be a low-class joint. It's even going to have a classy name. The Blue Peacock," he announced proudly.

"It doesn't sound very classy to me," retorted Eloise, her indignation getting the better of her resolve to be diplomatic. "And it may not be a joint, but it's bound to have a bad influence just the same."

"Sorry, lady, but you're just wasting time. Your neighborhood and kids aren't any better than any others. And I got things to do." A frown settled upon his heavy features, and he opened another drawer.

Eloise felt defeat coming on. What could one do with a man who wouldn't listen to reason? Maybe one could use a rifle. She stood up and came over to his desk. "I'm not going to give in without a struggle," she said determinedly. "If you don't withdraw your permit I'm going to circulate a petition all over the district. I'll fight this through every organization in town. I'm not going to have my boys grow up within earshot of a tavern." Her hands were clenched, and she wore what David called "her fighting Marine look."

Jim Booker leaned back and smiled indulgently. "You got spunk, lady," he said. "But it's no use. That corner suits my purpose to a T, and that's where I'm going to put The Blue Peacock. You can tell your boys to keep away from the place if you like, or you can move."

There was nothing left for her to do at the moment but turn and walk out. She left the building and walked down the street, her eyes brimming with tears of defeat. The old ogre! Why couldn't he keep his taverns downtown? Of course they could move, but they loved their home. And what of the others? Everyone in the neighborhood couldn't move. She wasn't going to stand for it. She'd fight with every means in her power. She'd make up petitions and get some of the other women to help take them around. It might help. It might even be enough to turn the trick.

THAT evening when the boys had gone to bed and David was lying on the divan with a newspaper over his eyes, she asked, "How much influence does Jim Booker have in this town?"

"Too much, honey," he replied drowsily, "Why?"

"I went to see him today?"

"You what?" The newspaper was snatched off and he sat bolt upright. "You mean to sit there knitting in that rose-colored chair and tell me to my face that you went calling on that lug?"

Eloise carefully purled two and then nodded, "I do and I did."

"What for?"

"To try and talk him out of putting in a tavern on our corner."

"And did he bow and say, 'Excuse me, Mrs. Reynolds, for even presuming to think of sullying your charming neighborhood'?"

"Not exactly," she admitted. "What he said in effect was, 'Get the heck out of here. I'll do as I like.' " The needles flew for a moment and then stopped. "I'm planning to circulate petitions," she announced. The seriousness of David's look surprised her, and she asked, "What's the matter? Don't you think that I should fight it?"

"Yeah, I reckon," he answered hesitatingly.

"Why all the enthusiasm?" she demanded.

"I was just thinking that Booker can fight back awfully hard if he takes a notion."

"Does that matter—when the boys' best interests are at stake?"

"No, of course not. The kids are a lot more important than anything else. I just wanted to warn you that Jim Booker is an awful tough customer."

"I know. I figured that much out all by myself." She folded up her knitting and added, "He may find out that he's dealing with another tough customer."

Later she lay awake watching the ruffles of the white organdy curtains blow back and forth and wondering if she had tackled more than she could manage. David had shown a surprising lack of enthusiasm. There had even been an air of concern. It's just that he doesn't want me to get mixed up with any Indians, she thought drowsily. I'm not sure but what Grandma had it a lot easier. All she had to do was pick up a rifle and say "Git."

THE next day she wrote out a petition, wording it as strongly as she could, and made out seven copies. She would go to some woman she knew on each of the blocks nearest the corner of Ninth and Linden and ask her to take it around. If necessary, she would take them herself.

She had just finished when Bud stuck his head in the door to ask, "Shall we put up our own lunch, or would you rather?"

It took her a few minutes to remember that the boys had planned a hike up to Mt. Rowan.

"I would much rather," she smiled, "but I haven't time. Go ahead and be as considerate of my refrigerator as you can. There are bananas in the cupboard and a fresh batch of cookies in the jar."

She went upstairs to dress, put the eight petitions carefully in her bag, and went back down again while the boys were still making sandwiches. "Merciful goodness!" she exclaimed. "Is the National Guard going along on this hike?"

"Gosh, no," replied Bud. "Just Ralph, Book, and us."

"Book?" she repeated with a puz-

zled smile. "Who in the world is Book?"

"Steve Booker, a guy we know at school."

The smile vanished. "Any relation to Jim Booker?"

"I reckon. Sure, he's his son. But Steve's okay. You'd like him." Bud closed the discussion by putting the last of the sandwiches in the box and going out to whistle for Davy.

Eloise stood still for a minute. In spite of Bud's assurance, she wasn't at all sure that she would like Steve Booker or that he was even okay. Maybe she was tackling this problem at the wrong end. Well, it was too late to do anything about the hike now. She'd go on with what she had started. She took a glass of milk and a cookie and went on her way.

She met her first defeat almost at once. Mrs. Rossiter, a thin, nervous woman, fidgeted about and finally come out and said that she didn't care to brush up against Jim Booker. He had too much influence in town.

"But surely his influence couldn't affect you in any way, could it?" Eloise insisted.

"You don't ever know," replied Mrs. Rossiter darkly. "You know what he did to Frank Bitters?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. What did he do?"

"He got that road building contract away from him and gave it to the Ashworth Company, and everyone says it's a terrible job. It will have to be done over again inside of five years. Everyone knows there was a lot of graft somewheres. I'd like to help you, but with my operations and all, I just don't dare take any chances with Anton's job."

"Never mind," said Eloise brightly. "Perhaps you have helped me more than you think."

SHE spent another couple of hours trying to persuade someone to take the petitions around and ended up by doing two blocks herself. There were some women who wouldn't sign, but she had a majority of the names in the district and figured she had enough ammunition to meet Jim Booker again. She intended to give him a chance to change his plans voluntarily before she went on to the City Commission.

When she climbed the stairs to his office the next afternoon it was with considerable less trepidation than she had felt the first time. Armed with nearly four hundred names, she believed that she should be able to make quite a serious impression. Jim Booker was in the outer office and let her in himself.

Smiling as if they shared a huge joke, he said, "Maybe you brought a petition here for me to sign?"

Eloise flushed—a bit taken back to discover that he knew all about her venture—but she recovered her composure immediately and replied, "No, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind. I just wanted to let you know that the petitions are all signed and ready to go in and to ask if you wouldn't like to change your mind."

"No—I don't think so," he said slowly, leaning back in his swivel desk chair. "But since you are so considerate as to give me a chance I'll do the same for you."

Eloise could only look mystified until he went on. "You can tear them up and we'll say no more about the matter."

"And why should I?" she bridled.

"Your husband is the county assessor, is he not?"

"Yes, he is."

"And you would like him to keep on being the county assessor, I suppose? It is a good job."

She drew a sharp breath and set her lips firmly. So this was it. He was threatening David's job. And this was why David had looked so serious the other night when she had announced that she was beginning warfare. Yes, the job meant a lot, but it didn't mean everything.

She stood up. A half-forgotten thought flashed into her mind, something that Mrs. Rossiter had said about the Ashworth job. Maybe it wouldn't mean much, but it wouldn't hurt to try.

"I understand your threat, Mr. Booker," she said evenly, "but my husband will agree with me that our boys are much more important than any job. And while we are talking about jobs I might mention the Ashworth road contract. It seems that there was a lot that went on there that wasn't completely understood. Everyone else has been afraid to mention it, but I have nothing to lose, so I might as well start talking about it."

This time it was his turn to squirm. Not very much, it was true, but enough to let Eloise know she had hit a vulnerable spot. He walked over to the water cooler, poured himself a drink and said slowly, "You have courage, but it will take more than that to lick Jim Booker."

"Perhaps," she agreed. Then as she turned to go, "I'll hold these until Monday, in case you change your mind."

As she walked down the stairs she said to herself, "I'm not sure who won that round, but I think there's a chance that I did."

DAVY was waiting for her on the front steps, his face beaming. "Hi, Mom!" he cried. "I've got good news for you."

"Thanks," she smiled. "This must be my lucky day. What is it?"

"Ralph's dad is letting us have his cabin on the lake for three days. We'll need a whole carload of food."

"That's wonderful news," she agreed. "Almost the best I've had today. There's nothing I'd rather do than fix up a carload of food for —how many of you are going?"

"Six, but the other guys will bring their own. You just provide for the Reynolds."

"That simplifies matters a lot." She was about to go up the steps but paused to ask, "Who else is going?"

"Ralph—of course. Gene Welch, Bob Towler—and Steve," he added the last after a slight hesitation.

Eloise sat down beside him. "Do you really think that Jim Booker's son is quite the type that you boys ought to choose for a companion?" she asked seriously. "His father is —well, he doesn't have the most savory reputation in town."

"I know," answered Davy, "but Steve's all right. Honest, Mom. We wouldn't take him if he wasn't.

He hasn't had many breaks. Some of the moms are like you—er, I mean, they don't want Steve around. He'll be a swell kid if he just gets a chance. What do you say?"

Eloise looked for a moment into the earnest blue eyes, pleading for a chance for his friend. "I say it's all right, Son," she smiled. "I'll go in and start on your carload of food."

It was just after the boys had left the next morning that a floral delivery truck drove up, and the boy brought in a huge white oblong box.

I wonder if I've forgotten my own birthday in all this excitement, she thought, tearing off the ribbon.

Inside were two dozen enormous red roses and a note which read:

Dear Mrs. Reynolds: I just learned that my boy is going with yours on a little trip. I like good things for my boy, too. Downtown will be a better place for The Blue Peacock.

Yours respectfully,
Jim Booker.

She was still looking at the note, slightly dazed, when David came into the room. "Whew!" he whistled, catching sight of the roses. "Are you going to Europe or getting married or something?"

"Not exactly," smiled Eloise. "This," she went on, picking up the roses, "is a peace offering from an Indian."

Stemming the Tide of Poliomyelitis

Information Furnished by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

FOR the fourth time in as many years, the swelling tide of polio engulfed the nation in 1951. Like a flooding river, bursting through barriers and plunging across the countryside, the uncontainable force of polio epidemics descended upon American homes, bringing hardship and tragedy to the families of some 28,500 victims. . . .

But wherever polio struck—on the plantation, in the mining town, on the reservation, or in the nation's teeming centers of population—the means of resisting its onslaught were close at hand—through the March of Dimes.

Blanketing the nation, almost 3,000 chapters of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis were ready and waiting with practical assistance for the stricken, ready with MARCH OF DIMES funds to meet the needs of a single patient or the obligation of a full scale epidemic . . . .

When funds for patient care were exhausted, the burden of payment was not thrown back upon helpless patients. The debt was assumed by your National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, to be paid from funds raised in 1952. . . .Thousands of today's patients will be on chapter rolls during 1952 and in years thereafter, a crushing burden upon communities unless MARCH OF DIMES aid is close at hand. . . .

New epidemics must be faced. The nation must meet that problem realistically and raise enough money to fight the disease on a larger scale. . . . Help your community. Join the MARCH OF DIMES.

Uncertain Possession

Chapter 1

Beatrice R. Parsons

THE car crossing the Nevada desert was small and dark in the great waste of gray sand. It clung to the highway like a huge bug. A Utah license hung at the back of the car, and on the front was a physician's caduceus. Dr. Matthew Wire and his bride of a month were alone in the car.

Lorna was extremely happy. She kept thinking: Just Matt and myself! That's the way I always want it to be. Lorna Ashton Wire and her husband Dr. Matthew Wire. She moved a little closer to her husband's side and put her hand on his arm in an odd, possessive little gesture.

Matt's eyes caressed her as he looked down at her hand. "What is it, Lorna? What's troubling you?"

How could she tell him? How could she explain her small fears and worries? How could she make him understand that she was afraid of his home town, Westfield, Nevada, of the whole of Sky Valley?

Lorna's fears were foolish fears—fears Matt would laugh at! She found herself afraid of what she imagined about the big, old stone house Matt had described, of elderly Nurse Hallie who had taken care of Matt as a child, of Matt's Uncle John—Dr. John Wire, who was ill with arthritis and had written asking Matt to take over his practice until he was well again.

These things and others frightened Lorna. She was worried about Matt's old friends. The girls he might have married if he had stayed in Westfield. Matt had mentioned Anne Clayton, Jeane Beatty, and Margaret Rogers. Margaret was not well, as the result of an attack of rheumatic fever when a child.

Matt had been so eager to see his old friends again. They had all grown up together, had gone to school picnics, parties, and dances. They had been such close friends, had shared so many things. Lorna couldn't help being a little jealous when she remembered that she had not shared in the fun and happiness.

She had watched Matt's face light up when he had read his uncle's letter. Matt had just finished his internship at General Hospital. Now that they were married he was looking around for a place to start his own practice. He had been offered an office in the almost completed Doctors' Center. As soon as the building was finished, just a matter of a few weeks, he could move in. Matt was making his plans when his uncle's letter arrived. He had read it eagerly, and Lorna knew then that it interested him.

"I must confess, darling," he said when he had finished, "that I'm interested. I've always wanted to take you to Westfield, introduce you to all my friends. Let them see what a beautiful bride I chose for myself." His eyes looked into

distances which she could not follow, and he added wistfully: "Uncle John was so good to me after Dad died. He helped me finish my education. Now I can repay him a little."

Remembering Matt's words, Lorna stirred restlessly at his side and found that he was still waiting for her answer. She sighed deeply, looking at the sand, the mirage of water ahead of their wheels.

"I'm glad we're not going to be there long. Just long enough to see your uncle recovered, back in practice. We'll sell the old house. . . ."

"Sell it?" Matt's tone was sharp. "I've never meant to sell it, Lorna. Why, it's been in the family for generations. My great-grandfather started to build the house with the stones he dug from his land. He drove his bride into Nevada in a covered wagon to bring a doctor's skill to the six families in Sky Valley."

"We won't need it," she said reasonably, "after we're through in Westfield. It would just be a burden, something to worry you when you're settled in your new office."

SHE saw that Matt wasn't exactly convinced. So she hurried on, painting a pleasant picture of the new office, the small apartment which they meant to furnish until Matt made a lot of money so that they could buy a house.

"It's a chance in a million, Matt," she urged. "You've always dreamed of an office like that. Things will be easy for you. Office hours from ten until five. No calls in the middle of the night. A great hospital close by."

She didn't want Matt to be just another country doctor like his father before him, or like Uncle John, who was a combination obstetrician, pediatrician, and all-around psychiatrist, overworked, underpaid.

At Doctors' Center, Matt would be a part of a group of important doctors who were going places, earning prestige, meeting wealthy patients. He'd make money. He'd be more successful than his father, or his grandfather.

She gave him a warm smile. "A man must be ambitious, Matt. He must have a sense of accomplishment. In Westfield you'd have practically no time to call your own . . . ."

She broke off, surprised to discover that Matt wasn't listening. His attention had focused on a huge, gray hawk which seemed pinned against the blue of the sky some distance in front of their car. When it was buffeted by the wind, it moved easily, yet with grim determination.

"That's the way a man should be, Lorna. Free, strong, with nothing to keep him from doing what he wants to do . . . ."

"Matt!"

Her cry, interrupting his voice, was so piercing, that it was as though it had carried into the sky. As though it had heard, the hawk swept into wide circles and disappeared among the gray hills.

Matt's eyes swept to Lorna's pale face, and he spoke thoughtfully.

"It was almost as though you willed him to leave, Lorna."

She had willed it. She had hat-

ed the bird's intrusion into their close little twosome. It had frightened her to see the way Matt had withdrawn from her. She was afraid that would be the way he would withdraw after they got to Westfield. There would be so many things to keep them apart. Memories, people, old friends.

Lorna hadn't minded the idea of Doctor's Center. It was huge, impersonal. The people who sought Matt out wouldn't be people he had known all his life. They wouldn't be able to shut her out the way the people in Westfield would.

It was almost terrifying to love someone the way Lorna loved Matt. She had been very lonely until he came. Ever since her parents had died when she was a little girl, she had been lonely.

SHE had lived with her cousin, Emily Ashton, her father's cousin, really, an elderly woman who ran a boarding house in one of the city's cluttered streets. Cousin Em had had little time to shower Lorna with love and affection.

Lorna had always longed to belong to someone, to have someone, something that belonged only to her.

One Christmas when she was seven, a neighbor had given her a pair of small, china kittens. They were a symbol of ownership. She clung to them desperately, loving them, keeping them all for herself. No one else ever shared them. They were her most cherished possessions!

She thought of her kittens now as she watched Matt drive off the highway and turn into a rougher road that seemed to lift itself up into the gray hills. She had packed them in the corner of her suitcase. She hadn't ever shown them to Matt, nor told him about them. It was always as though someone might take them away from her.

Now, as Matt stopped the car and pointed to a weathered road-sign, she felt her worries and fears overwhelming her. If only she could tuck Matt into the corner of her suitcase, keep him for her very own. But he was waiting, expectantly, for her to read the sign. Her voice shook a little.

"WESTFIELD, NEVADA . . . TWO MILES . . . . POPULATION 2,000"

"Two-thousand-two," corrected Matt smilingly, "if the Honson twins have arrived!"

Lorna tried to match his gaiety. "Oh, they wouldn't, Matt, not without you!" Suddenly she wanted to be with Matt when the twins were born. She looked at him eagerly: "Let me go to the farm . . . ."

He was already shaking his head. He spoke casually: "Hallie will be there, darling."

Lorna felt chilled. It was beginning already—this terrible thing which she feared! A stretching, aching silence filled the car. After a while Matt began talking again.

"You'll like everything, Lorna. The three houses—ours, Uncle John's, and Hallie's—are side by side. When Dad and Uncle John set up their practice they used one of the rooms in the big house. But just before Dad died, they built the new offices, one each, and a lab for Hallie. It's on the corner, right next door to the house."

Lorna wrinkled her brows, try-

ing to make a mental picture of what Matt was saying. She waited until he went on.

"Westfield doesn't have a hospital. It was Dad's dream that someday someone would build one. Jim Nason is the only man with money in Westfield. But he's old—almost eighty-five—and a penny-pincher if there ever was one. He's the only likely donor in Sky Valley. But he dislikes everything and everybody. He's threatened to leave all his money to build a statue of himself in the middle of the valley."

Lorna had to laugh. "He sounds impossible, Matt."

MATT grinned. "He is impossible, Lorna. Once when I came home from medical school he met me on the street. He waved an indignant finger under my nose and shouted: 'So you're goin' to be a doctor, be ye? Well, let me tell you one thing. You're nothin' but a young whippersnapper. I recall when you swiped apples off my trees. Don't think I'll call you in if I git sick—which I ain't plannin' to do!' And off he tramped, up the street, enjoying his own bad temper."

Matt shook his head dubiously: "I hate to think of all that money tied up in a super-duper statue when it could do so much good." He broke off, adding: "I was telling you about the arrangements. I'm to have Dad's office. Uncle John can't be very active for a while. But he'll be there, handing out good advice, telling me things I need to know. Hallie guards the lab like an elderly dragon. She may frighten you with her stiffly starched uniform, her unbending curtness. But don't be fooled, darling. Hallie is swell! Kind, thoughtful, a wonderful nurse. Why, beside the biologicals in one refrigerator, she keeps popsickles for the kids! But woe be to anyone who opens her refrigerator, or faints at the sight of blood!"

He laughed, but Lorna trembled. "Oh, Matt, I'm sure to disgrace myself!"

He patted her hand reassuringly as he guided the car through the rising hills. Lorna saw scrub oak, sage, and yucca clinging to the sand with obstinate roots. Matt went on talking.

"We'll all work together, Lorna. Hallie and I will go on calls. Uncle John will do what he's able. The entire set-up is connected by telephone."

And by a hundred other things, thought Lorna glumly. Theirs was a triumvirate of healing that would be closed against her, just as the gray hills were closing about their car.

The road twisted, turned, then came suddenly upon a spreading valley. Lorna could scarcely believe her eyes. It was green and lush, with a checkerboard of farms and ranches, and a blue lake, and a tumbling river. Their wheels spun across the bridge, past small, brown farmhouses, then into a parade-like row of straight-limbed poplars that led the march into the heart of the town. The old stone and lumber buildings flaunted modern neon signs. Lorna read them curiously.

HARDWARE . . . FURNITURE . . . BEAUTY SALON . . . GROCERIES . . . FROCKS.

Lorna dimpled, and her gray eyes widened with anticipation as she shook her softly curling, gold-bronze hair from her flushed cheeks.

"Matt, I'm glad I packed my prettiest party dress! The pale blue one which you like so well." It had small, puffed sleeves, a slim bodice, and a wide, swirling net skirt. She had promised herself that she would never wear it for anyone but Matt. "We'll go dancing over there by the lake. I'll wear it some night when the moon is a big, silver plate over the edge of the hills. We'll be in each other's arms. I'll have you all to myself."

She cuddled close to him, and he looked down at her to give her a one-sided, teasing little grin.

"More likely you'll wear a cotton square-dance dress at a barbecue!"

"Oh, Matt!" she protested, then saw that they had left the edge of the town and were turning into a wide cottonwood-shaded street lined with very old, yet well-preserved, houses built of brick, lumber, and stone. At the end, three houses and a square office building formed a triangle set among green lawns and flower gardens. Matt's face was shining happily.

"We're home, darling," he cried, and though his voice was low, it pulsed with excitement. "Uncle John and Hallie are waiting for us. We're home at last!"

Something in the way he said it made Lorna cold. She lifted her bright head in a defiant little gesture and spoke carefully.

"Well, we're here, Matt. We're here at last."

She had rejected Matt's use of the word, home! They were here for a little while. Until Uncle John was better. But as soon as they could they'd be going back. Back to the big, white, clean-smelling office building in Doctors' Center!

(To be continued)

* * * *

Deep Winter

Bernice T. Clayton

The sunrise broke this morning on a bright and glistening world,
As over towering mountain peaks its molten colors hurled
Into this peaceful valley, which still slumbered here below,
In heavy winter blanketings and comforters of snow.
The sight of so much glory in the flaming morning skies
Caught at my heart that heaven should be glimpsed by mortal eyes.
The freezing air tore at my clothes with penetrating cold,
And on the counterpane of snow were footprints fresh and old,
Where hunger-driven wild-life folks, insensible to harm,
Had come to share the bounty and the shelter of our farm.
Footprints of timid hare and quail, and on our snow-filled lawn,
Were pheasants, while our young calf shared his breakfast with a fawn.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1 and January 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE DAYS OF KIRTLAND: In the early days of the Church in Kirtland the Latter-day Saints were generally very zealous in good works, and very united; they were as humble as little children, and loved one another with that peculiar love that the Gospel always creates, inspires and fosters; and they were desirous of being united, and on an equality one with another, so that no feeling of disunion should arise on account of position or circumstance. Do the Latter-day Saints in this day need to be reminded that they are all of one great family, and that the Lord is not a respector of persons, because of wealth or station; but the humble and meek ones though poor and in straitened circumstances are as near to Him as the rich, and popular, and the learned, who are wise in the things of the world. Wealth brings with it greater responsibility, for we understand men and women are only stewards over these things in this world for the good of humanity, therefore the wise steward remembers to put his wealth to good usury, that he may render a good account to the Great Master when he shall appear before Him.—Selected

THE NEW ERA

Oh! hush the throbbings of the pent up heart!
Why will the tears of long-gone sorrow start?
Banish the griefs—put miseries aside—
Let joy replete in merry measure glide—
Yet, pause! methinks I hear the people say,
Another era has begun today.

—E. B. W.

WOMAN'S OPINION: I would that all good women might receive the benefit of the sublime teachings of the martyred Prophet Joseph in regard to woman whose friend he was and whose sayings I often recognize emanating from the pen of writers who have unwittingly adopted some of his views.—M. A. P. H.

DECEMBER 23, 1891: This day is the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who was faithful to the last. Through the inspiration of God he organized the Relief Society on the 17th day of March 1842, in Nauvoo, Illinois, of which I had the honor of being a member, and a few yet remain to testify to his words. The Prophet said, "we did not conceive the greatness of the work we were laying the foundation of."—Zina D. H. Young

FOR THOSE WE LOVE

For those we love we work and live,
To us their lives are Heaven's choicest gift
That makes us e'en forget ourselves,
And from our selfish aims our feelings lift.

—E. R. S.

SINGING MOTHERS: Ah, what does the world owe to the mothers, the patient, loving, song-singing mothers? Who can tell? How many lives have been turned, changed completely by the encouraging smile of the mother, or the song, coming full of love and gladness to win her child back to the path of righteousness.

—Bertha Packard Englet

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

WITH woman power activating both good and evil throughout the nations, it is most urgent that American women rise fully to their obligations and opportunities. American women are being accused of marked negligence in recent voting. It is the obligation of all women citizens to exercise the franchise which women struggled so many years to attain. If women keep thoroughly informed on events between elections, they will be able to vote intelligently and be a great force in combating evils.

MISS Utah for 1952 is Marilyn (Bunny) Reese, a senior in Box Elder High School, and vice-president of the student body. The seventeen-year-old girl won the talent contest with a dramatic reading.

AMONG the contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*, whose poems have been accepted for publication in the leading national women's magazines during the past year are: Christie Lund Coles, Margery S. Stewart, Katherine Fernelius Larsen, Berta Huish Christensen, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Lael W. Hill, and Vesta P. Crawford. The magazines in which these Latter-day Saint women have been represented include: *Good Housekeeping Magazine, Ladies Home Journal, Farm Journal, Household Magazine*, and others.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, by her graciousness and consideration for others, won many enthusiastic admirers during her brief visit in Canada and America with her handsome consort, the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE president of an American music publishing company—one of the largest in the world—has asked Florence Jepperson Madsen, member of the Relief Society general Board, to submit some of her compositions to be added to his catalogue. His letter stated that in his thirty-five years as president, this is the first time he has ever personally solicited material. Mrs. Madsen has specialized in composing anthems for mixed voices, and songs and anthems for ladies' two, three, and four-part voices. Eleven of her compositions have been published by national firms of high standing, two by the Relief Society, and one by the Mutual Improvement Association. "If Ye Love Me Keep My Commandments," so beautifully sung by the Singing Mothers under Sister Madsen's baton, is her latest composition.

MISS CAROL OHMART, Miss Utah for 1946, is now a national television and radio actress. She has appeared in "Henry Aldrich," "Theater Guild of the Air," and NBC's "Bonnie Maid" show.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 JANUARY 1952 NO. 1

"We Seek After These Things"

If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things (13th Article of Faith).

AGAIN this year in the month of January, *The Relief Society Magazine* is enriched and made more valuable by the three prize-winning poems of the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the first prize story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. Since the beginning of the poem contest in 1924, when Sarah Ahlstrom Nelson wrote her lovely poem "The Dreamer," Latter-day Saint women have gleaned from the scenes of earth, from their own lives, and from the lives of others, the precious events and the significant thoughts which they have clothed with words of enduring beauty to share with others through the pages of the *Magazine*. The story contest, inaugurated in 1942, the Relief Society centennial year, has revealed much talent and has given an opportunity for Latter-day Saint women to develop their narrative gifts in writing stories of enduring worth.

Over the years, these poems and stories have become an expression of that high endeavor and that continuing search for the artistic and the beautiful which has characterized Latter-day Saint women since the days of Kirtland and Nauvoo.

We know that every spirit blessed with the opportunity of earth life comes into mortality with the power to reach out and grow illimitably. It is as the poet Wordsworth has said:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home . . . .

Individualistic in their nature, influenced to an unknown degree by that marvelous and mysterious stream of heredity, and tinted and toned by the earth environment—our gifts and our talents have been bestowed upon us for developing and sharing. Little do we know the extent of our capabilities until we have explored at least some of the fair, unlimited fields of art and their expression which are so near to our doors. And we may never realize the extent of the influence which one poem or one song or one painting may have upon our associates in this day and upon others in the years to come.

When Eliza R. Snow wrote the heartfelt words of "O My Father" for the saints, perhaps she could not foresee that future generations would sing those words again and again, and with each singing the gospel would become more precious—that many hearts would be lifted to a realization of the eternal verities through the words—"Truth is reas-

on, truth eternal tells me I've a mother there."

And our own Florence J. Madsen, a member of the Relief Society general board, has given us, among her many compositions, a magnificent anthem which shall be for our daughters and their daughters in the years to come—"If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments."

Alice Merrill Horne, who expressed in all phases of her life, her lofty ideals of artistic values has given voice to the responsibilities of all who would enrich the world by developing their talents:

> The insight to recognize the capabilities of those among whom one moves, marks the degree of greatness in leadership. . . . The true leader feels a double joy in the knowledge that his comrades grow with him by using their gifts . . . but each soul has a higher duty: to discover his own infinity.

Many of us will never write an enduring anthem or an immortal poem or story or paint a picture that will retain its luster through the ages, but we can develop our own gifts until they become as polished lamps, and though the light may not be reflected afar, it will shine in our homes, and our children will learn to appreciate the beautiful and the artistic and to discriminate between the authentic and the shoddy, and they will be able to evaluate the achievements which add insight and interpretation to their view of the world and its people—they will understand the longing and the seeking for the virtuous and the lovely which characterize the sons and daughters of God.

There are many names which may not be written in the high places, but each week and each year the women who use their artistic gifts for service in the Church are making life more lovely and more worthwhile for thousands of Church members. Many organists and choristers, and many singers of solos, the members of our choirs and our Singing Mothers are giving great richness to other lives and at the same time enriching their own.

Let us discover our gifts, let us learn how to use them for our own growth and for sharing with others —that precious talents may not be lost, but may be remembered and become a lasting joy to ourselves and others.

—V. P. C.

It Is Winter

Grace M. Candland

Now is the season of winter,
And snow covers valley and hill;
The earth is a cloak of rare ermine
And the icebound streamlet is still.

Look at the blue of the heavens,
Close studded with glittering light
From the stars and the soft moonbeams
Pouring down to the quiet night.

Take note of the evergreen bushes
Encased in a prison of glass,
Bunches of bright yellow berries
Hung under the branches en masse.

Winter is past all comparing,
In beauty and charm so complete,
From the dipper beaming above
To the crunchy flakes at our feet.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Bound Volumes of 1951 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1951 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve isses in a permanent cloth binding is $2.25, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is $3.25. If bound volmes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazines* will be $1.50, which will be added to the cost of binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes $3.75 and for leather-bound volumes $4.75. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1951 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to the *Magazine* representatives who secure 75 per cent or more of their Relief Society members as subscribers to the *Magazine* will not be awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Cards notifying ward and stake representatives of these subscriptions for 1951 will be mailed to them about April 1, 1952.

It is very important that these cards be returned to the *Magazine* office as soon as possible after being received.

January

Grace Barker Wilson

The wind hangs frozen in the air,
And zero hour is everywhere.
Stiff breath balloons from icy lips,
The street is thick with diamond chips.
A single bird dares to alight
As trees stand rigid, boughs upright.
All nature at attention stands,
Responsive to the cold's commands.
Spring is the only adversary
Can break the hold of January.

Chord of Knowing

C. Cameron Johns

Brief is the chord of knowing,
A moment from a symphony
Imprisoned in the heart.
Shadows of silence
Are held at bay
While unseen hands release
The notes to singing;
Suddenly all fears
Are centered in flame
And lost in the afterglow.

A Strange Christmas Eve

Jeanette McKay Morrell

GWENDOLYN Mack had never seen an Indian until she moved West with her husband and two children and settled on the large, lonely ranch in Wyoming. The property was left to her husband, Bill Mack, by an uncle for whom he was named. Neither one of them knew anything about ranch life, but they were young and unafraid.

From earliest childhood Gwen had visited the home of her grandparents in eastern Pennsylvania, and the tales of Indian uprisings in Colonial days were vivid in her memory. What she learned in history classes later had not succeeded in effacing the picture painted by her grandfather's early tales.

When they arrived in Wyoming they found a substantially built cabin, with a barn, chicken houses, and pigsty, and a small clearing for a vegetable garden, in the valley about twenty miles from the nearest town. The sheep ranch proper was fifteen miles in the opposite direction and could be reached only by a winding mountain road not yet widened for safe auto travel. An Indian Reservation was beyond the ranch, but Gwen learned that the Indians seldom came through the little valley.

Because Bill was necessarily away from home a great deal of the time, attending to supplies for his men, shipping, supervising the shearing, and moving camp, he had arranged for Abe Hunt, one of his uncle's oldest and most faithful men to remain at the house so Gwen and the children would never be alone. He cared for the cow, pigs, and chickens, and carefully tended Gwen's spirited mare and the children's pinto ponies, which their owners rode very often to visit their dear friends and nearest neighbors, the Alders, who lived four miles down the highway toward the town.

Their first winter had been very mild, and Gwen and the twins enjoyed it thoroughly. There was scarcely a day when they could not ride out in comfort, and she wondered if all the stories she had heard about skiis and snowshoes and roads blocked with slides had been merely inventions of some imaginative brains. This present winter had been the same, and the beautiful sunshiny days lasted until two days before Christmas.

Then everything happened at once. Bill had taken the car into town for supplies and Christmas presents and expected to return early the day before Christmas. But a sudden heavy snowstorm had come from the north and the men came rushing over for the three extra horses to help get the sheep down to the winter range, leaving Gwen and the children with no means of transportation.

AS the day wore on and Bill did not return, Gwen called Abe in and confided her fears to him, when the children were busy in their rooms.

"I am sure something has hap-

pened or Mr. Mack would have been here this morning. What do you think we had better do?"

Abe answered in his slow way, "There is an old pair of snowshoes down at the barn. In them I could make my way down the road a ways, but I doubt if I could get to Alder's place and back tonight."

Gwen shuddered, realizing what it would mean to be left alone on a night like this, but her concern for Bill outweighed her own fear, and she said, "I think you had better go and let the Alders know even if you have to stay there all night."

She watched Abe start out on his snowshoes and realized the difficulties he would encounter going through the soft, new snow. When he was out of sight she called the children in, and as they sat before the open fire in the living-dining room, she said, "With all this snow, I'm just afraid Santa Claus will not be able to get through this storm to find us tonight. You see, Daddy has been held up because of it."

Bill Junior said nonchalantly, "Oh Mommy, that's silly. Why Santa Claus comes from the North Pole, and his reindeer wouldn't even notice this much snow."

And Susan added, "He knows where we live, because he found us last year, so I'm sure he'll be here tonight."

There was no use arguing against such childish confidence, so she commenced wondering what she could do if Bill did not appear with the Christmas things. She had a few oranges, and she had made cookies this morning, but that was as far as she could go. During the past month, Bill had been too busy to go to town, so their supplies had become pretty low and she had depended upon his bringing everything the children had asked for, including the candy and nuts for the stockings, so the outlook was pretty dark.

As she was about to prepare their supper, she heard a car chugging through the snow, coming up the driveway, and the children commenced dancing and shouting, "It's Daddy, and he's home for Christmas!"

But it was not their daddy, for Abe appeared at the door, explaining, "I met Beaver Charley and his wife coming up in their truck and they said there had been a slide in the canyon which they just missed, but that no one can come through until that is cleared away."

Gwen's heart sank. "But, Abe, what can we do? And who is this Beaver Charley?"

Abe replied: "He's a good fellow who helps us out on the ranch sometimes. He says he'll drive back, and we can dig from this side while others will surely be digging from the other side, and maybe by morning, we can get through."

Still shocked by the news Abe had brought, Gwen lifted her head and said quickly, "Then get your shovels and hurry back before any more of the road is blocked."

Abe went to the barn to get the shovels and returned to the door again. "Charley thinks his wife had better stay here with you until he gets back."

That was heartening; at least she would not be alone with the children. So she said, "That will be fine; have her come in."

Until the woman entered the door, it had not occurred to Gwen that Beaver Charley and his wife were Indians. When she saw the dark woman standing there, wrapped in her bulging, bright-colored blanket and carrying a sack, her first impulse was to turn and run, but she controlled herself and stood with her knees knocking together beyond her control. At last, she stepped aside and asked her guest to enter.

THE Indian must have sensed Gwen's fright, because she sidled into the room and sat on the edge of a chair near the fire, and just as the young hostess had decided her fears were groundless and she must speak to this stranger, Abe rushed in with a gun and handed it to the sitting figure by the fire. Before Gwen could remonstrate, he was gone, and she heard the grind of gears as the old truck sped through the snow. This was the last straw—an Indian in the house was bad enough, but an Indian with a gun was more than she could stand. Mrs. Beaver Charley rose and placed the gun in the corner of the room, then quietly oozed back to her seat.

Gwen was still half dazed when her daughter returned her to her duties. "Mommy, aren't we going to have any supper? I'm hungry," and Bill echoed, "I'm starving."

Every time the children spoke, the Indian woman looked at them and smiled. Aside from that, she might have been a bronze statue, seated near the fire with her blanket draped over the chair where it had fallen from her shoulders.

Gwen had felt all the color drain from her face when she first saw the stranger, and she thought now, with my blonde hair, I must look like an albino. I must get hold of myself for the children's sake. They must not be frightened. So she bustled about preparing the evening meal, hoping they would notice nothing. As they were about to sit down, she asked their guest to join them, but the invitation was met by the merest shake of the head.

Susan was asked to say grace, and as she finished the blessing on the food she added, "And please help Santa Claus to get through the snow tonight."

Gwen's heart sank because she knew that even with the help of Abe and the Indian, Bill could not possibly reach home until tomorrow some time, and that would be too late to fill the stockings. Later the children hung up their stockings and asked Gwen to prepare the usual plate of cookies and glass of milk for Santa Claus, all with their usual enthusiasm, and she felt guilty because she was helpless to dispel the fear and gloom that engulfed her.

After they had gone to bed, she asked the stolid guest if she would take her bed while she watched for the return of their men, but she was greeted again by silence and a head shake. She had no idea whether or not she was understood and ignored, or whether this woman of another race could not understand her at all. She laid a large log on the fire to keep the room warm, and nodding her good night, went to her own room.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Replica of Yesteryear

Cecil G. Pugmire

"DEAR God, please don't let him see me cry," silently prayed Alice, amid the clamor of puffing trains and shouting people. The bustle within the station and the buoyancy of the youthful crowd stirred no excitement within her being, rather her heart hung as a heavy anchor within her breast.

The green lantern flashed at the end of the train and "All Aboard" echoed down the corridors of the track. Ray's friends, one by one, dropped from the hissing train. Ray's arm swooped in an arc of farewell as he shouted across the bedlam, "So long, fellows, see you when the war's won!"

Like a never-slumbering refrain, the words rang in Alice's ears—the same words of Jim a year ago. Replica of yesteryear, thought Alice. Now it's my baby. Dear God, he must not see me cry.

"Well, Mom and Pop, this is it!" Boyishly he took his father's hand and his free arm crept around his mother's waist. "Don't worry, I'll be all right."

Alice vainly tried to think of something witty to ease the moment of tension. Her mind was dead until she caught Ray's kiddish grin as his white teeth flashed in the sun-browned face. Automatically, probably from long habit, she said, "Don't forget to brush your teeth."

"When I'm an old man with gummers, you will still tell me that, Mom." Momentarily the tense moment was broken, and the three of them burst into laughter.

The train hissed impatiently and gave a lurch that fairly bumped Alice and Alex from the train platform. With the ease of a young animal, Ray jumped from the platform, reached up a helping hand to his mother and helped her down. He gave Alice a quick kiss, grasped his father's hand, swung himself onto the moving steps and shouted something which sounded like, "It will be all right this time." Those hastily shouted words made Alice realize that Ray, too, had never ceased grieving for Jim.

Korea! I hate the word, thought Alice. As if one son is not enough.

Her hatred had no particular bearing against country or people. It was the word she hated. The word stabbed as a knife. It left a hopeless, aching pain. There was no relief from this pain. "Lost over Korea" the message had read.

Alex gripped Alice's arm. Together they watched the train become a diminishing object, leaving only a cloud of smoke rising toward the sky. Seconds passed. As the train and earth became one, they slowly turned and silently walked toward the car. Once Alex slyly raised his bifocals and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, almost as if the use of his handkerchief might call too much attention to the act.

Inside the car, Alice gave way to the tears she had struggled so long not to shed.

"Now, now, Mother," comforted Alex. Patting her shoulder, he

pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, and put the handkerchief into Alice's hand.

THE weeks slowly passed, brightened only by Ray's letters. In his boyish, scrawly handwriting he told about camp, new scenes, and new companions. Alice feverishly read each letter. After satisfying herself of there being no mention of "going over," she then slowly read and digested each detail of the missives.

The cheerfulness and gaiety of Ray's letters seemed to push her fears into the background. When apprehension seemed to be lulled into an almost forgotten memory, then came word that he was "moving over."

Alice tried to overcome the feeling of oppression that engulfed her. She knew that Alex suffered beneath his seeming cheerfulness. For this reason she went out of her way to be gay herself, but she was always left with the feeling that she had not played her part successfully.

She ran across the street a little more often to see Mary Hanks and her invalid husband. She made it a point always to take a cake, a pitcher of cool juices, or something to brighten their day. But she usually came away with the feeling that she had not really eased their burden and she still had the weight of sorrow in her heart.

In her struggle to analyze this feeling and fight against it she remembered her grandmother saying that those who seemed happiest very often had the greatest sorrow to bear.

The days crawled by on tortoise legs and slowly turned into months, broken only by one letter from Ray. This letter was somewhat cryptic, carrying no details nor hint of boyish gaiety, but said he was well and that he thought of them often. It was hard to read between the lines.

Christmas season came and the town was dressed in festive array of pine and holly, sprinkled generously with a robe of white velvet.

As Alice walked through the town on an errand she thought that each house told its story. The homes where someone was away were decorated very meagerly—maybe a tiny tree could be glimpsed behind the curtain—sometimes a simple candle gleamed in the window. At these homes it seemed the hand of lavishness had been stayed as if too much display might be a mark of disloyalty to some loved one far away. On the other hand, not having felt the emptiness of a loved one's absence, the fortunate homes were bedecked with gaily adorned trees, bright-tinseled windows, and red-wreathed doors.

ALEX had always brought home the Christmas tree. Even last year, although Jim was away, he had carted a tree home from the corner stand.

Christmas will be the hardest of all, thought Alice. She would be able to carry the tree decorating off with a show of enjoyment, if it just were not for the part about the candles. The candles worried Alice most of all. She remembered last year, and how Ray had cleared

(*Continued on page 68*)

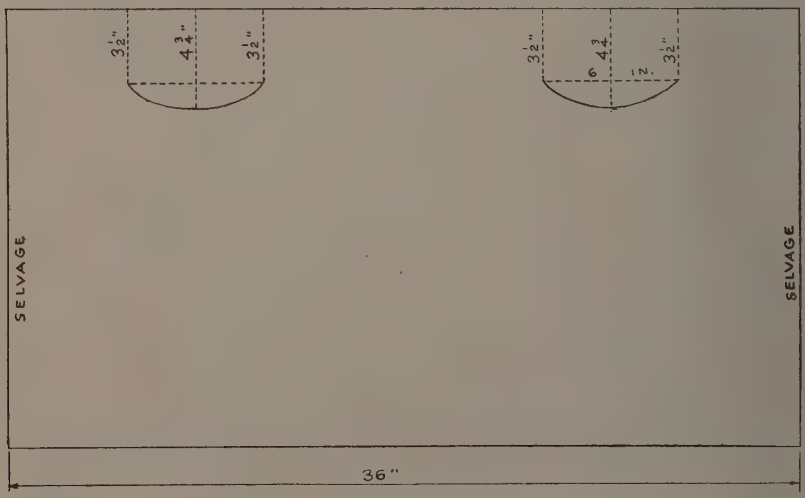
An Easy Dress to Make for Daughter

Celia Luce

Photograph by Willard Luce

IF you are a busy mother, here is just the apron or summer play dress for your daughter one to three years old. It can be made in a hurry and takes only a small piece of material. For ironing, it pulls into a flat piece of cloth that takes only a jiffy to iron.

First, measure your daughter from neck to hemline. Add about three-fourths inch for the neck hem and enough for the desired width of the bottom hem. Add one inch for the drawstring, and two inches for the sleeve ruffle, if the ruffle is to be made of the same material. (The sleeve ruffle and pocket may be made of contrasting material.) This total will be the exact number of inches of material you need, with no waste. If matching panties are to be made to complete the ensemble, buy additional material for the panties.



Before cutting the dress, tear or cut off a one-inch piece and sew it into a drawstring. Cut off a two inch strip for the sleeve ruffles, if sleeve ruffles are to be made of the same material. Make the ruffles. To cut the dress, measure five and one half inches in from the selvage of the material, and make a dot. Measure six inches in from this dot and three and one-half inches down from the top, and make a second dot. These dots mark the sides of the sleeve. Place a saucer between the dots and draw the arc swinging down between the dots. The arc should be about one and one-fourth inches deep, which would make the center of the arc about four and three-fourths inches from the top of the material. Cut along the arc for the sleeve hole.

Fold the material, placing the selvage sides together, and cut the other sleeve hole, using the one already cut as a guide. Put a one-fourth inch hem in the bottom of the sleeve hole and sew the ruffle onto the top of the sleeve hole. Sew the selvage sides together from top to bottom. Put a three-fourths inch hem in the top of the dress, and insert the drawstring. Tie a knot in each end of the drawstring to keep it from pulling out. Add a pocket of the same, or contrasting material, if you wish. Hem the bottom, and the apron is finished.

If you wish your daughter to wear this as a play apron over a dress, the material could be arranged so that the opening will be left unstitched down the middle of the back. If used as an apron, it may be made to fit a larger child.

Through This Door

CHAPTER 6 (*Conclusion*)

Margery S. Stewart

SHE came to me and hugged me. "Of course I want you. By the way, Chris is coming tonight for a week's visit."

"That's nice," I said. But I had no desire to see him or anyone for that matter. I wanted to be alone, to think about Tom and remember.

Dad came home that night with rolls and rolls of wallpaper and buckets of paint. He grinned at me. "Well, as long as you're going to be home, Mary Ruth, we better fix it up a bit for you."

"I'll help you," I said. I was glad of the work, it seemed to take the strangeness that was in me and let it work out through my fingertips, so that when the sweeping agony of loss came, I could work savagely, and somehow it eased the pain.

I didn't like to have Dad working so hard, though. Even with his scoffing that he had never felt better in his life. There was a grayness in his skin that I didn't like, and he had a way of stopping suddenly and leaning against the wall.

On Wednesday night, we were just finishing the ceiling of the living room, Dad dropped to the floor as though he had been stoned. His face was ashen, and he caught at his side. "Been hurting off and on all day," he panted, "made me sick . . . ." He stopped talking and doubled up.

I stood above him, wringing my hands helplessly. "What shall I do, Dad? What shall I do?"

He shook his head, his forehead clammy with sweat.

Because I must do something, I ran for the hot water bottle and laid it against his side. It had eased

countless stomach-aches in the young ones.

"Better call a doctor," Dad gasped.

Now I was really frightened. I called Doctor Townsend in Hilltown. He wasn't in. I brought a pillow for Dad's head, and another hot water bottle for his side. He twisted in new pain, and, in panic, I raced over to Mrs. Marriott's.

Chris was there. He made me sit down and repeat slowly every symptom.

"What have you done?" He was already reaching for his jacket on the back of the chair.

"Nothing, just put some hot water bottles on him."

"Good grief, girl!" Chris Jordan regarded me in horror.

HE sprinted down the path and across the street. Mrs. Marriott and I following as fast as we could. But he was on the way to the kitchen, when we came in the front door, unscrewing the tops of the offending rubber bags as he went.

"If it's appendicitis," he said crisply, "that's a wonderful way to have it burst."

"Oh, no."

"Where is your icebox? Maybe you could chip some ice for me."

I stumbled out to the porch and picked up the ice pick, hacked savagely away at the frozen crystals.

Afterwards we drove Dad to Hilltown and left him in a room at West Valley Hospital, while Chris went out searching for Doctor Townsend, and Mrs. Marriott and I paced the halls.

Nurses went past us in their rustling white uniforms, their white shoes soundless on the polished floors. I looked at the floors and something dimly familiar stirred in my mind. The rumpus room at Thelma Williams' house. The Saturday morning job of scrubbing, waxing, polishing the endless squares of green and white. It was so senseless . . . week after week. Senseless . . . . Something, like electricity shocked through me.

But suppose, oh, just suppose, Mary Ruth, that it hadn't been senseless. Suppose it had been a gentle leading along to this, to these shining halls, these immaculate rooms that housed so many sufferers. I felt waves of understanding sweep through me. Take a girl like me . . . who had never had the slightest training, brought up to do things when she liked to do them. . . . Oh, of course, there had been the meals to get on time, and the washing and ironing to do every week. But I had done them whenever I chose to do them. Take a girl like that, and set her down in the exact discipline of the hospital. Would she come through as well? The hours at Thelma Williams ran before my mind. The rising and the carefully allotted hours for this task and that. They hadn't been in vain. I knew it now.

It was a long night and a frightening one. I sat with Mrs. Marriott outside the operating room and waited through interminable hours, until at last they wheeled him out, and Chris, still in the white clothes and mask he had worn to watch the operation, came to stand before us. Dad was going to be all right. I took a deep breath. But it was going to take a longer time than normally to

convalesce, because his heart wasn't as strong as it should be. He would need good nursing.

"But you can give him that," Mrs. Marriott said.

I avoided Chris Jordan's eyes. The hot water bottle was a mistake that anyone could make. I could learn. I had a reason for staying home now, there would always be a reason for never pushing open the door. No one else knew that Aunt Mercedes was a wonderful practical nurse. No one around here.

I said to Chris Jordan, "If you hadn't been there, if you hadn't known what to do . . . hadn't guessed what was wrong . . . ." My voice broke, and Mrs. Marriott reached out and gathered me close.

"You did what you could. The best you knew how to do."

"But it wasn't enough to *want* to help . . . it wasn't enough."

I couldn't stop crying. But I made the words come out. "I'm going back. I'm going through that door. I'm going back."

She let me cry all the tears I had not been able to shed before this night. I thought of all the times she had held my hand like this. I knew suddenly why she had come to live among us. She was like a river, clean and beautiful, flowing into the rivers of our lives, making them stronger and lovelier because she was the way she was.

"Everyone who goes through this door," she said, "will know how to help another through it."

Chris turned to us. "What are you talking about. Doors? Doors? What do you mean?"

"You wouldn't know if we told you," Mrs. Marriott said. But she was only teasing him. . . .

TODAY I was moved back to the nursery. It is the one place in the hospital I love beyond all others. The babies were adorable, as always, fat ones, thin ones, dimpled ones, red ones . . . their little wrinkling faces and reaching hands caught at my heart, as they had always done. Some of them already marked for sorrow, as the tiniest little girl in the corner, whose mother died this morning, or the little Graciano baby, with the twisted leg. But most of them were fat little pigeons, the objects of adoration of mothers, fathers, grandparents, and assorted aunts and uncles.

Someone rattled the nursery knob. I looked up, frowning. Only the doctors and nurses were permitted here. But it was a doctor, complete with mask and white coat and furrowed brow.

I flew to open the door. "They are doing very well, Doctor . . . only the little Graciano baby . . . . Isn't there anything we can do?"

"He's the one I came to see, Mary Ruth."

Mary Ruth? I looked again at the black shining eyes. "Chris Jordan! Doctor Jordan. Oh, how wonderful! What are you doing here?"

"Working. They took me in at the Smithson Clinic. I started yesterday." He looked me up and down. "I always knew you'd look like this in your cap."

"I . . . I . . . thank you, Doctor Jordan."

He looked around the nursery. "Only twenty?"

"Twenty-four in a few more hours."

(*Continued on page 71*)

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Melba H. Tullis

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), MAESER SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS DISPLAY DECORATIVE QUILT

Left to right: Secretary Mazie Christensen; Second Counselor Nancy Mar Caldwell; work meeting leader Rose Roberts; President Bertha Richards; First Counselor Mildred Mansfield.

Sister Melba H. Tullis, Secretary, Uintah Stake Relief Society, reports that the Maeser Second Ward was organized June 3, 1951, and under direction of the new Relief Society officers, the first project, a decorative quilt, was completed.

Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Iva Dean Fjeldsted

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THE PAST YEAR

Forty-four visiting teachers in Gunnison Stake achieved a 100 per cent record during the past year. This picture was taken at the visiting teachers convention September 21, 1951. Elizabeth Frandsen, visiting teacher message leader, is standing sixth from the left on the second row.

Iva Dean Fjeldsted is president of Gunnison Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Virginia K. Campbell

EAST RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Mary Patterson, chorister; Elinor Mason; Maude Reed; Mary Anglesey; Fern Rhodes; Stella Walker; Alice Anglesey; Charlotte Brown, organist.

Second row, left to right: Sarah Anthony; Adilia Clark; Jessie Morgan; Harriett Lovell; Eileen Madsen; Elva Smout.

Third row, left to right: Virginia K. Campbell; Evelyn Graham; Jessie Olsen; Naomi Butikofer; Ethel Johnson.

Virginia K. Campbell is president of East Rigby Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Velma Hoover

WEST UTAH STAKE, SUNSET WARD (PROVO, UTAH), CLOSING SOCIAL, May 1951

Upper right-hand corner, seated: Secretary Lorea Binks; upper right-hand corner, standing, President Velma Hoover; standing next to Sister Hoover, First Counselor Thelma Williamson; second row, seated, third from left: Second Counselor Merla Madsen.

The Sunset Ward of West Utah Stake was organized in January 1946. Since that time the sisters have made an outstanding record in Relief Society work. They have achieved 100 per cent in their visiting teaching, paid membership, and *Magazine* subscriptions. They have four volumes of *Relief Society Magazines* bound, and they have purchased dishes, silverware, an electric sewing machine, ironing board, steam iron, tablecloths, and other equipment.

Rose Goates is president of West Utah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Hattie S. Shurtz

ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), PIMA WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR FIVE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Roziel Beals; Zela McBride; Jane Mattice; Rilla Redd; Donna Draper, Wyona Bryce.

Second row, left to right: Norma Bryce; Emma McBride; Edith Holladay; Laura Lines; Caroline Eyring; Ella Cluff; Mary McBride; Grace Larson; Fidelia Taylor.

Third row, left to right: Josephine Follett; Lucile Boyle; Bell Stewart; Debra Dean; May Weech; Ella Blake; Susie Crockett; Angeline Alder; Dora Kight; Ethel Carter; Vinnie Marshall; Lucile Taylor.

Back row, left to right: Vivian Reynolds; Rose Weech; Hannah Allen; Alice Hawes; Josephine Carter; Elda Johnson; Pearl Cluff; Myrtle Salme; Iris Mattice; Ruth Marshall.

Clella Lines is president of Pinn Ward Relief Society, and Hattie S. Shurtz is president of St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by LaPriel R. Eyre

CANADIAN MISSION, HAMILTON BRANCH CHILDREN'S CLOTHING PROJECT

Shown in the photograph are children of the Hamilton Branch wearing clothing they modeled in a children's summer fashion show held by the Relief Society. Sister Emma Hillman was the fashion commentator. Sister LaPriel R. Eyre, former President, Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports that all the clothing shown in this photograph was made by the Relief Society sisters under the capable direction of Sister Emily Barlow, work meeting leader, and Sister Grace Scott, First Counselor, who are shown in the photograph with the children. The project had a two-fold purpose: 1. To bring well-made clothing to the sisters for their children at a savings to their budgets; 2. to interest the sisters in sewing for their own needs.

Anna H. Toone is the recently appointed president of the Canadian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ellen Johnson

SAN JUAN STAKE (UTAH) INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS BINDING THEIR QUILT

Seated at the sewing machine, Jean Dutchi, and at her left Anna Lee Rabbit (small child).

Second row, standing, left to right: Claudia Shumway; Jenny Lehi; Lillian Rabbit; Rebecca Palmer, missionary.

Back row, standing, left to right: Esther Shumway, missionary; Ellen Johnson, stake supervisor of Indian Relief Societies; Mary Ann Jones, Counselor to Sister Johnson.

Margie H. Lyman is president of San Juan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Winniefred Manwaring

EMIGRATION STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), TWENTY-FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Elizabeth Spafford; Effie Greene; Vida Adamson; Mildred Crosby.

Second row, left to right: Sallie Keate; Second Counselor Alice Asper; President Phoebe Booth, First Counselor Lenora Durrant.

Third row, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Doris Watts; Isabella Kippen; Laura Bargeron; Zina Wilkinson; May Brinton; Susan Mitchell; Della Durham; Lula Sealy; Alice Ross; Mary Harker and granddaughter.

Fourth row, left to right: Marie Neumann; Maude Lyons; Grace Johnson; Elva Broadhead; Minerva Homer; Polly Griffin; Dolly Schofield; Luella Wilkinson; Anna Fotheringham; Lila Whitehead; Cordelia Griggs; Alice Fishler; Annie Cooper; Lucile Griffiths; Ella Groesbeck; Clara Stephens and granddaughter.

Winniefred Manwaring is president of Emigration Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Maybell Stevenson

MINIDOKA STAKE (IDAHO), HEYBURN SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND THEIR CHILDREN

Left to right: President Lila Cheney and her five children; First Counselor Glenna Jenks and her four children; Second Counselor Billy Jensen and four children; Secretary Ellen Bailey and four children.

President Lila Cheney writes, with reference to young mothers and their attendance at Relief Society meetings: "We feel that our children are a blessing to us in our Relief Society work, rather than a handicap."

Katherine Barnes is president of Minidoka Stake Relief Society.

Morning Song

Vesta N. Lukei

A single pebble of spoken thought
Dropped in the pool of life will start
Expanding surface ripples, while
The stone lies secret in the heart.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 7—The Formation and Dispersion of the House of Israel

Elder Leland H. Monson

For Tuesday, April 1, 1952

Objective: To gain an understanding of events which transpired in the Old World between the time of the Jaredite migration to the promised land and that of Lehi and his followers.

THIS lesson portrays the historical happenings which transpired in the Old World between the time the Jaredites left and Lehi left, a length of time of about 1600 years.

According to Biblical chronology, the Jaredites left the tower of Babel in the Euphrates Valley about 2247 B.C., and, under God's direction, migrated to the land of promise. These Jaredites, in time, became ripened in iniquity, refused to worship Jesus Christ, and were utterly destroyed. God saw fit in about 600 B.C. to bring a new colony to the land of promise under the leadership of Lehi, a prophet during the reign of king Zedekiah of the kingdom of Judah.

During the long interval between the migration of the Jaredites from the tower of Babel and the voyage of the colony of Lehi from Jerusalem, the house of Israel was nurtured in the "Fertile Crescent" and dispersed upon the face of the earth. The historian, James H. Breasted, defines the Fertile Crescent as:

> . . . approximately a semi circle or territory with the open side toward the south, having the west end at the southeast corner of the Mediterranean, the center directly north of Arabia, and the east end at the north end of the Persian Gulf. It lies like an army facing south, with one wing stretching along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean and the other reaching out to the Persian Gulf, while the center has its back against the northern mountains. The end of the western wing is Palestine; Assyria makes up a large part of the center; while the end of the eastern wing is Babylonia (BREASTED, JAMES H.: *Ancient Times, A History of the Early World*, page 101).

The Tigris and Euphrates rivers run through this eastern territory. The earliest civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates history was built in the lower valley where the two rivers empty into the Persian Gulf. A fertile plain, seldom over forty miles wide, extends between the two rivers for about 170 miles in a northwesterly direction. On this plain of Shinar the Babylonian civilization was built after 2100 B.C.

The Assyrian civilization was built on the Tigris River in the northeast part of the Fertile Crescent. Fertile valleys extended up into the eastern and northern moun-

tains. In early times this territory was subject to the rule of Babylonia and the Hittites. "By 700 B.C. the Assyrian Empire included all of the Fertile Crescent" (*Ibid.*, page 155).

The great Chaldean civilization represented an empire in the old Babylonian territory between the Tigris and Euphrates and stretching northwest up the rivers. Babylon became the capital. Nebuchadnezzar, greatest of the Chaldean emperors, began his forty year reign 604 B.C., according to Breasted. He destroyed Jerusalem about 586 B.C. and took many Hebrew captives to Babylonia.

It was contemporaneous with these civilizations in the Fertile Crescent that the Lord formed and dispersed the house of Israel. In the twentieth century B.C. Terah, Abraham's father, was living in the land of Ur, of the Chaldees. He had departed from the ways of righteousness and had been following the practices of the heathens who offered men, women, and children as sacrifices to their idols. In connection with one of these sacrifices the heathen priests planned to use Abraham as the sacrificial victim.

During the time they were preparing him for the sacrifice, Abraham petitioned the Lord for help, and in answer heard his voice, saying:

> Abraham, Abraham, behold, my name is Jehovah, and I have heard thee, and have come down to deliver thee, and to take thee away from thy father's house, and from all thy kinsfolk, into a strange land which thou knowest not of . . . Behold, I will lead thee by my hand, and I will take thee, to put upon thee my name, even the Priesthood of thy father, and my power shall be over thee (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:16, 18).

Abraham left that land for the land of Canaan (Palestine) with his wife Sarai; his brother's son, Lot, and his wife. Later, Abraham's father joined him in the land they called Haran. Terah remained in Haran, where there were many flocks, and again drifted into idolatrous practices; but Abraham, warned of the Lord, departed to another land. The Lord said to Abraham:

> Arise, and take Lot with thee; for I have purposed to take thee away out of Haran, and to make of thee a minister to bear my name in a strange land which I will give unto thy seed after thee for an everlasting possession, when they hearken to my voice. . . . And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee above measure, and make thy name great among all nations, and thou shalt be a blessing unto thy seed, after thee, that in their hands they shall bear this ministry and Priesthood unto all nations (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 2:6, 9).

Obedient to the instructions of the Lord, Abraham departed for the land of Canaan with his wife Sarai, Lot, and "the souls that we had won in Haran." Abraham sacrificed and prayed to the Lord as they came into the land of Canaan, which was occupied by an idolatrous nation. The Lord appeared to him and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land" (Abraham 2:19).

Because of a famine in Canaan, Abraham concluded to go to Egypt. Before Abraham entered Egypt, the Lord instructed him concerning heavenly bodies, the creation of the world, and the pre-existent status of the spirits of men (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham, chapters 3, 4, 5).

Preceding the time of his entrance into the land of Canaan, Jehovah gave to Abraham a special blessing of the Priesthood, saying that "in thee (that is, in thy Priesthood) and in thy seed (that is, thy Priesthood) . . . shall all the families of the earth be blessed, even with the blessings of the Gospel, which are the blessings of salvation, even of life eternal" (Abraham 2:11). This, of course, is only one part of the covenant which Jehovah had made with Abraham. The complete terms of the covenant may be summarized as follows: (1) Abraham was to be a great nation, (2) through him all the families of the earth were to be blessed, (3) his descendants were to inherit Palestine as an everlasting possession, (4) his descendants were to be as numerous as the dust of the earth or the stars of heaven, (5) kings and nations were to come of his descendants, (6) the covenant he made with God was to be an everlasting one or, as we would say, a gospel covenant. (SPEERY, SIDNEY: *The Spirit of the Old Testament*, page 22; cf. Pearl of Great Price, Abraham, chapter 2).

The covenant was confirmed to Isaac and to Jacob, son and grandson of Abraham (Genesis 12:1-3; 17:1-8; 26:3, 4; 28:13-15). The following passage from Genesis, a message from the Lord to Rebecca, mother of Jacob, implies that Jacob was foreordained to be the leader in Isaac's house.

> Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger (Genesis 25:23).

Jacob obtained the birthright and blessing from Isaac, and became the father of the twelve tribes of Israel. The first time this name, Israel, appears in the Bible it is as a title given to Jacob. From a heavenly visitor, to whom he appealed for a blessing, he received the promise:

> Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed (Genesis 32:28).

Later the title acquired a broader application, and was applied to the posterity of Abraham through the loins of Isaac and Jacob.

The twelve tribes of Israel accepted this title throughout the four hundred year period of their Egyptian bondage, during the forty years of exodus from Egypt to the land of promise, under the government provided by the Judges, and throughout the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon.

The twelve sons of Jacob, who formed the children of Israel, represent offspring from four women: Joseph and Benjamin from his beloved Rachel; Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, and Zebulun from Leah; Dan and Naphtali from Bilhah; and Gad and Asher from Zilpah.

During the time Joseph was in Egypt, he married Asenath, to whom two sons were born, Manasseh and Ephraim.

Levi was chosen to have the Lord for an inheritance, and not to have an inheritance in the same sense as the others. (See Numbers 8; 18:20-24.) With Levi eliminated, and with Joseph represented by his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, we have the twelve leaders of the twelve tribes of Israel.

About 930 B.C. the kingdom of Israel was divided. Part of the tribe of Benjamin and the tribe of Judah accepted Rehoboam, son of Solomon, as their king. The remainder of the tribes, commonly called the Ten Tribes, chose Jeroboam as their king. This latter group was called the kingdom of Israel, or sometimes the kingdom of Ephraim from its most prominent tribe.

This division represents the beginning of the decline of the children of Israel as a united political organization. By 750 B.C. the Assyrians, located in the northeast part of the Fertile Crescent, began their westward expansion. Damascus, after much desperate resistance, was slowly crushed, and fell in 732 B.C. The countries of the west were soon subdued and made vassal nations. By 700 B.C. all of the Fertile Crescent was included in the Assyrian empire (BREASTED, JAMES H.: *Ancient Times, A History of the Early World*, pp. 151-155).

It was about 721 B.C. that the kingdom of Israel, the Ten Tribes, met defeat at the hands of the Assyrians, and were carried away as captives. Since then they have been lost to history, and have been designated as the ten lost tribes.

The kingdom of Judah had an independent existence for more than a century, when it was subdued about 586 B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of the Chaldeans in Babylon. He destroyed Jerusalem and carried away the people to exile in Babylonia. They remained in subjection to the Chaldeans for about seventy years as prophesied by Jeremiah (Jeremiah 25:11, 12; 29:10).

The dispersion of Israel was now a matter of fact, though the Jews were to return to Jerusalem and to suffer from further dispersion subsequently. The Ten Tribes, known as the kingdom of Israel, under Assyrian captivity, had gone north and were lost to history. The kingdom of Judah was in Babylonian captivity, under Chaldean oppression.

The destruction of the Hebrew kingdom, by the Assyrians and Chaldeans had long been foreseen by the prophets of Israel. In the book of Isaiah (about 700 B.C.) is written in vivid oriental figures, "O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation" (Isaiah 10:5), which shows that Assyria was a means of smiting the Hebrews, because they were unrighteous. Jeremiah had also seen and prophesied concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, for he had foreseen its downfall.

Immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar and the captivity of the kingdom of Judah, Lehi, led by a divine hand, left Jerusalem for the land of promise. He belonged to the tribe of Manasseh, a son of Joseph. He took with him Ishmael, who was a descendant of Ephraim, another son of Joseph. The new civilization to be established in the land of promise was to be from the loins of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. This new land had been given as an everlasting inheritance to Joseph. It is clearly evident, then, that not all members of the Ten Tribes or kingdom of Israel, went north. Representatives of the two tribes of Joseph became the "fruitful bough, even a fruitful

bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall" (Genesis 49:22). You may recall that another group also came. Mulek, a son of Zedekiah, last king of Judah, was brought to the promised land. We read in The Book of Mormon: Helaman 9:21:

> And now will you dispute that Jerusalem was destroyed? Will ye say that the sons of Zedekiah were not slain, all except it were Mulek? Yea, and do ye not behold that the seed of Zedekiah are with us, and they were driven out of the land of Jerusalem? (See also Jeremiah 52:10.)

America was the land assigned to Joseph and his posterity, and the Lord made preparation for its development. Lehi, speaking to his son Joseph, who was a descendant of Joseph in Egypt, said:

> And great were the covenants of the Lord which he made unto Joseph. Wherefore, Joseph truly saw our day. And he obtained a promise of the Lord, that out of the fruit of his loins the Lord God would raise up a righteous branch unto the house of Israel; not the Messiah, but a branch which was to be broken off, nevertheless to be remembered in the covenants of the Lord (II Nephi 3:4, 5).

Our future lessons will consider the rise, decline, and fall of this civilization. It flourished in the Americas for over a thousand years.

Suggested Readings

Pearl of Great Price, The Book of Abraham.

II Nephi, chapter 3.

Questions for Discussion

1. How were the tribes of Israel formed?
2. How were they dispersed?
3. What peoples did the Lord use to scourge Israel?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 7—"I Have None Other Object Save It Be the Everlasting Welfare of Your Souls" (2 Nephi 2:30).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 1, 1952

Objective: To help us appreciate the fact that there are many people who are interested in our everlasting welfare.

IN this text Father Lehi, that great Book of Mormon prophet, gives tender and solicitous advice to his sons. Truly this instruction is from the heart of a real father, for an honest parent strives to the best of his ability to instill righteous principles into the lives of his children. Almost all fathers and mothers have the welfare of their children at heart, so far as they understand it.

But there are others, in addition to parents, who have our everlasting welfare at heart. How gratifying it is to know this. In this day when selfishness and greed are manifest on every hand, when bribes are given and received in return for person-

al gain, it is not surprising that we become suspicious of men—suspicious that they may have ulterior motives of mind in their dealings with us.

But with perfect trust we can look to our Heavenly Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, and know that they have none other object than the everlasting welfare of our souls. And all the instruction they have given us or will give us, is for our everlasting welfare.

God's representatives on earth are also interested in our welfare. Our present prophet, President David O. McKay, who stands at the head of our Church, is deeply concerned with the welfare of our souls. The General Authorities of the Church say at every general Church conference, "I have none other object save it be the everlasting welfare of your souls." Presidents of stakes, bishops of wards, Church teachers and leaders also share in this feeling toward their fellow men.

Sometimes we hear people who have become discouraged say, "Oh, what's the use? Nobody cares about me. Nobody cares what I do or what becomes of me." This is not true. Someone does care. All these we have mentioned care deeply. And if we could only make these disheartened ones know this, it might give them a desire to continue in righteous conduct. And whenever we ourselves become despondent, let us recall this verse, repeat it over and over again until we convince ourselves that we will go steadfastly on, for there are those who care. How foolish and ungrateful we are if we do not hearken to their words of counsel, for if we will follow their teachings, our everlasting welfare is assured.

Work Meeting—Sewing

The Art of Mending

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Sleeves, Underarm Patches, and Mending Sheers

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, April 8, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

SLEEVES and underarm sections are the first and perhaps the most frequent sources of wear and strain in women's clothes. Countless dresses that are otherwise in good condition are needlessly discarded because of worn-out, torn-out, or uncomfortable sleeves.

Underarm sections of dresses and blouses that have become worn or stained can be patched successfuly. If only a small patch is needed, set in a shield-shaped matching piece of material. Set the patch in under the arm, matching the grain and design of the cloth as nearly as possible.

Remember when you cut the patch to leave a double seam allowance on the patch edge to be sewed

to the waist material, to make up for the seam allowance that is taken out of the waist. If it is necessary to patch the sleeve as well as the waist, make a similar shield-shaped patch. Or you may seam in a triangular gusset.

If cloth is available, a panel patch is often less noticeable and takes care of worn places underarm as well as pulled-out places in back of the sleeve. To make a panel patch, cut out the affected section, from the sleeve to the waist. Using this as a pattern, cut, match and seam in a new piece, being sure to allow a double seam allowance on edges that are seamed to the waist itself.

Material for these patches may be obtained from scraps of self fabric left over when the dress was made or from hems, pockets, or other style details you can do without. You may have a jacket or bolero you can use in order to save the dress. Or you may shorten long sleeves and use the cloth thus made available.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is especially true in the case of tight sleeves. One of the hardest troubles to remedy is that caused when sleeves pull out of the armseye. Try to avoid having this happen by making as much room as possible to begin with. If there is some tightness or pull, let the back seam of the sleeve and armseye out as much as possible and then strengthen the narrow seam by sewing on a piece of seam tape to replace the seam allowance.

In the case of long sleeves, be sure they are not tight between elbow and wrist, as this often causes pull at the back of the armhole. After sleeves have torn loose at the back, a panel patch is the best remedy.

When sheer clothes need mending, inset patches as described in lesson 2—"Patching," are the most inconspicuous and satisfactory. Keep seams on these patches as narrow as possible and finish their edges with false French seams. A false French seam is made by folding in both raw edges toward the seam line and blind stitching them together.

Heavy pins or brooches worn on sheer dresses and blouses sooner or later catch yarns, leaving ragged holes. Don't wait until trouble appears to do something about it. Better avoid the holes by working eyelets where pins are to be worn to give added strength. After holes or tears appear, mends may be made with small hemmed patches or worked eyelets, depending upon the size of the holes.

Don't take chances on buttons or snaps pulling loose on sheer clothes and leaving unsightly holes. If a fastener has to stand pull, stay it on the underside with a piece of tape, ribbon binding, or a piece of selvage of the same material as the dress.

KIND WORDS: Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.—*Woman's Exponent*

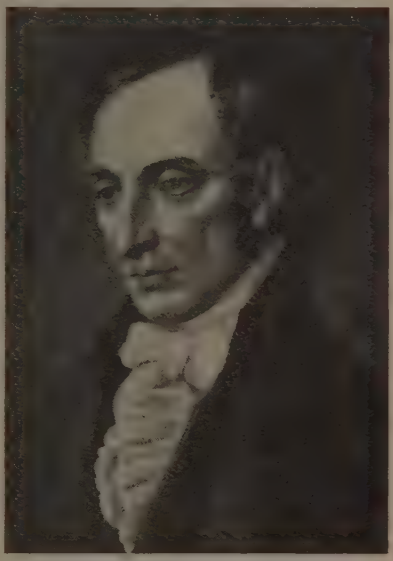
Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 23—William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 15, 1952

AT the opening of the nineteenth century most Englishmen believed in God, but they had not yet conceived of communing with him in the outdoor temples of nature as well as in cathedral and parish church. They believed in England, but with a growing distrust for a king who seemed not overly concerned about the menacing political, industrial, economic, and social problems which his individual subjects found increasingly difficult to solve. While the majority of Englishmen had not yet given voice to the inwardly surging concept of democracy, the seeds of the idea had been planted by Rousseau and Locke and Godwin; its growth and popularity were shown by the enthusiastic acclaim with which many English intellectuals heralded both the American and the French Revolutions.



A Perry Picture

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(1770-1850)

During the severely conservative movement of the 1790's, the landed aristocracy of England followed Edmund Burke's belief—the same Burke who had championed the rights of Englishmen living in Boston who felt they had been wronged by King George in 1774. Now he preached, with contagious vehemence, that the cry of the French radicals—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—voiced a philosophy which would destroy England. The conservative reaction which Burke defined and led, thus dominated England for more than forty years. Politically it came to an end with the passage of the various reform laws. But long before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed by a jubilant Parliament, the same conviction of the high virtues which characterized the common man had been given immortal birth and influence through the writings of William Wordsworth. He, perhaps more than any other, came to shape English poetry and philosophy during the nineteenth century. It was largely through his influence that a democratic emphasis dominated the po-

etry of the age, thus echoing, sometimes predicting, a companion emphasis in politics and economics and society. (See text, pp. 10-12, 17-18, 29-31.)

In order to reconcile the apparent inconsistencies which we find in his philosophy and his writing, we must understand that he, like many of his contemporaries, was in his youth enthusiastically radical, but, in his later years, became staunchly conservative. Then he feared change; he feared also the possibility that the reins of government might fall into the hands of the common man —the two principles for which he had crusaded most vigorously as a youth.

Many critics have proclaimed Wordsworth the greatest English poet save Shakespeare and Milton. Yet of the forty-five pages devoted to Wordsworth in our text, less than one page, or three short poems, were written after 1880, his thirty-seventh year (he lived to be eighty). He is generally accepted as the most uneven of the great poets. None of the great poets wrote more poetry which was justly scorned when it was first published, and which today remains unread. His genius at characterization is not great; his ability at telling an exciting story or creating dramatic tension is almost nil. His lines never sparkle with wit or satire or humor. How then, can the word *great* be justly applied to such a man? Why is he worth our consideration?

First, because he possessed personal virtues which more than offset his weaknesses. Although he was given to moods, and some of his friends sometimes found it difficult to like him because of his egotism, yet in his more typical moods he was most tender and compassionate concerning all his acquaintances. Though they saw his weaknesses he was more often loved than merely respected. Second, many of his works bear the unmistakable stamp of genius and embody all the great traditions of the romantic movement. Early in life he dedicated himself to the cause of poetry, and his overwhelming sincerity, both to his calling and to the simple yet sublime truths which guided his life, was one of the most powerful forces in his life.

As it should be, it is Wordsworth's poems which convey to us the true greatness and significance of William Wordsworth. While in honesty and fairness we have acknowledged his defects, they become of less consequence when we are finally led to an understanding of the virtues found in his best works.

Wordsworth defined himself as being a poet of "simple songs for thinking hearts." Unadorned simplicity indeed is basic to every phase of his life and work, whether he advises the use of simple, direct language as that which best conveys the message of poetry, or whether he preaches abandoning the luxurious, artificial life as found in the city, to return to the calm serenity of life in the country, surrounded by healing communion with nature and the basic love of family and nation.

"Thinking hearts" at first might seem a contradiction, but it need not be, for Wordsworth is one of the most supreme poet-philosophers. In his poetry we often find the most simple subjects: a flower ("To the

Daisy," page 152), a lone girl singing as she sickles grain in the countryside ("The Solitary Reaper," page 154), the quiet and beauty of a city at daybreak ("Composed upon Westminster Bridge," page 151), or a rainbow ("My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold," page 148):

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man:
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Whatever else is done or undone, time should be taken to enjoy the lyrical spontaneity and joy of at least one of his most famous nature poems: "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" (page 155), or "To a Skylark" (page 156) the first verse of which is the exhilaration and freshness of poetry:

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind.

Wordsworth seems at his happiest, and sometimes at his best, in his sonnets, some of the neatest and loveliest and most powerful we have. Choose whichever sonnet you will ("London, 1802" is perhaps the most famous), but choose, and read it in the spirit of song; then you cannot be too unfair to Wordsworth's genius. It is at least a possibility that these sonnets have been more loved by more people than almost anything he wrote. Or in his own words, "Scorn not the Sonnet" (page 163).

Yet whatever his announced subject may be, it is always of Wordsworth himself, and the amazingly deep and penetrating patterns of his mind and emotion and imagination that we learn most. Even though his language may be deceptively simple (as in "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," page 121, or "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" page 160), the power of the idea contained within his inward vision becomes so compelling and so immediate to the reader, that his language may almost be said to become spiritualized, to create a power and a reality of its own, apart and above the realm of the words as ordinarily used. Such an exhilarating experience for the reader does not come about by chance, since Wordsworth always wished to impress upon his audience his belief that "wisdom comes through intuition, emotion—a kind of mystical communion with nature—which produces a meditative attitude toward the universe, which in turn produces calm and peace."

Since Wordsworth is generally accepted as the father of the romantic tradition of writing subjectively, it is fitting that we examine some important formative influences in his life. First, and perhaps greatest, is the Lake District, where he was born in 1770 and where he chose to spend all his creative years. Even now the lakes and surrounding hills located on the west coast of central England are known for their isolation and for their enchanting natural beauty. It was here that Wordsworth experienced the mystical com-

munion with nature which illuminates his greatest works and which made his poems the pattern for all nature-poets of the century.

How much his early home life and years at Cambridge shaped his heart and imagination is uncertain, but his walking tours of Europe and Scotland enhanced for him the value of nature, and his stay in France during the French Revolution influenced him for life. During this year-long visit he became intensely devoted to the principles of the radical Girondist party, which believed that established society was selfish and corrupt, and that the rights of free men to justice and equality could be attained only by immediate and sweeping armed revolt against aristocracy. When, in 1793, the successful revolutionists began using the guillotine excessively, and when Napoleon later established himself as an hereditary emperor, Wordsworth's despair was morbid in its depth and intensity. For a time he lost faith in almost everything; never again did he believe in improving the lot of mankind either by legislation or by military revolution.

In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, a friend of his sister Dorothy, who within the next eight years bore him five children. They were happily married, with Dorothy living in their home as their mutual intimate and friend. It was his devoted sister, Dorothy, who by walking with him amid the beauties of a nature he had once loved, restored him to balance, and helped build within him his life-philosophy. This philosophy was that the laws of the universe are benevolent; that man is by nature good; that the simple joys of nature and home are the only source of the abundant happiness which is the natural right of man; and that, by exercising his intuition and imagination amid the beauties of nature, man can achieve highest maturity and wisdom; and, finally, a mystical communion with nature and spiritual powers above. Dorothy's sacrifice of her own considerable talent to nurture her brother's genius was complete and lifelong. She loved Samuel Taylor Coleridge almost as she loved her brother, and, during the years preceding the appearance of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, the three spent most of their days together in long walks of mutual stimulation and appreciation. The keen mind of Coleridge also quickened Wordsworth's own awakening powers as nothing else could have done.

For some years before the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, the young Wordsworth had been practicing his conviction that men can best be saved and guided through the creative imagination. This slim volume of verse contained his "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" and Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," each among the best works ever produced by their authors. The book was very coldly received by conservative-minded England. It was not until two years later when the thirty-year-old Wordsworth declared his poetic principles in the preface to the 1800 edition, that his contemporaries saw how completely he had revolted against the current literature of artificiality and restraint. Although he was almost universally con-

demned, he believed in his principles, and, finally, they triumphed. It was not until the final decade of his life that his countrymen came to realize that the basic declarations of his *Preface* were aimed at attaining in the realm of poetry the identical democratic goals which England had set up for herself in politics and economics and society.

This *Preface* has rightfully been accepted as one of the great milestones in the history of English literature. It could profitably be quoted and discussed at will, but at least four passages bear comment:

(a) The ideal material for poetic treatment is the wholesome life of common men (page 318); (b) the best poetry uses the language of common men rather than artificial poetic diction (pp. 320-321, line 27 ff.); (c) the poet (page 322, line 35), and poetry (page 326, line 30) are defined; (d) and in the final paragraph Wordsworth advises the average reader to consult his own feelings, not fashionable critics, when he is judging poetry (page 327).

The "Lucy Poems" (pp. 123-124) were contained in the second edition of the *Ballads*.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
  And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
  The difference to me!

(text, page 124)

Here we see ideally exemplified Wordsworth's poetic theory contained in the *Preface*. In these poems we find a purity of poetry and a surge of emotional power which recalls the spontaneous freshness and originality of William Blake, yet the language, the subject, and the emotions are those of common living, but warmed and intensified by the cloak of the imagination thrown over them by the poet. The simplicity and intensity of their emotion have made them universally known and loved.

"Lines Composed A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" is one of Wordsworth's greatest poems. Herein we find that rare fusion of word, idea, and emotion which, through the undefinable magic of the poet's touch, become a oneness of exalted power and revelation. If possible the entire poem should be read aloud; particularly rewarding are the lines 30-48, 83-105, and 134-146. Here he confesses his need of nature, and the magic which he feels in her presence. He gives in detail several episodes from his own past, then points out that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." This poem is central, both in Wordsworth's philosophy and in his heart.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Wordsworth has often been defined as the poet of simplicity and nature. Would one be justified in defining him as a poet of mankind and democracy?
2. What was Wordsworth's attitude toward the French Revolution?
3. Why was Wordsworth's new theory of poetry received so coldly by his fellow-Englishmen? How, then, can one account for his later immense popularity?
4. Comment on Wordsworth's theory and practice of poetic words and style.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 13—Groping Toward Liberty of Conscience

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 23.)

For Tuesday, April 22, 1952

Objective: To relate how the new inhabitants of America, escaping from Old World tyranny, gradually overcame religious intolerance among themselves, so that liberty of conscience could take firm root in the new soil.

Out of Captivity

OVER two thousand years before the gentiles came to America the Lord proclaimed, by a firm decree that this land should be unto them a land of liberty. The promise was made that, if they would be humble, the Lord would not only fortify this land against all other nations, but he would help the gentiles fight their battles.

> And it came to pass that I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles who had gone forth out of captivity did humble themselves before the Lord; and the power of the Lord was with them.
>
> And I beheld that their mother Gentiles were gathered together upon the waters, and upon the land also, to battle against them.
>
> And I beheld that the power of God was with them, and also the wrath of God was upon all those that were gathered together against them to battle.
>
> And I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles that had gone out of captivity were delivered by the power of God out of the hands of all other nations (Book of Mormon, I Nephi 13:16-19).

How this prophecy has been fulfilled is familiar to all. The land has been fortified against aggression of all European powers since the people in this land of all races have won their independence from European powers. Moreover, the attempt on the part of the gentiles to set up kings has proved to be very disastrous. There are no kings upon the land that have been raised up unto the gentiles. Even in Canada, which is considered as a British possession, the people make their own laws and govern themselves and there is no king among them. The American continents are filled with republics, for America has been the cradle of liberty for the whole world.

The first permanent colonies of Anglo-Saxons were planted in 1607 and 1620, the first in Virginia and the second in Massachusetts. Earlier attempts to colonize had failed. The reason for the failure was largely due to the fact that those who came to colonize were not imbued with the spirit of pioneering and were utterly unfit for such an undertaking. They were mostly adventuresome souls of idle habits who knew nothing of battling with the elements in a new world. The later settlements were based on the desire for religious freedom. Literally, as Nephi states, they came "out of captivity" to possess the land.

Those sturdy Pilgrims of the

Puritan faith came to stay. While they were forced to endure severe trials through which many of the original company laid down their lives, yet they were determined to remain, and in this the Lord was with them. In Great Britain, the English monarch endeavored to force his religious beliefs upon all the people. Due to this continued persecution other companies came at frequent intervals to strengthen the first little band. Still others came seeking refuge for varying reasons, so that America, by 1630, contained several thriving villages.

Religious Intolerance in America

Notwithstanding these early settlers came to America because they were denied religious freedom in the mother country, they themselves practiced intolerance when they arrived on American shores. Political and religious freedom was of slow but natural growth. It did not burst into full bloom with the Reformation, neither did it obtain soil suited to its growth in the nations of Europe. The first settlers of Massachusetts were Puritans of the Separatist faction. They claimed the right to worship as they chose, but when others came to Massachusetts with views conflicting with their faith, their differences of belief were not tolerated.

The Reformation did not insure the right of individual freedom to worship. Today in many lands every man is conceded the right to worship as he pleases as long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. This was not the case in the seventeenth century even with the colonies in America. Laws were passed compelling a man to attend church and to follow the forms prescribed. Fines were imposed upon those who violated this law. Roger Williams, who was a Puritan, but of liberal views, was forced to flee from Massachusetts to prevent being deported as an undesirable citizen. The Puritans considered Massachusetts exclusively their own territory. They had no objection to those of other faiths settling elsewhere, but would not have opposition among themselves. For this reason Ann Hutchinson, as well as Roger Williams, was banished from the community; and thus in various parts of the land other settlements were formed.

Besides the Puritans, others who came "out of captivity" were the Quakers and some Catholics. The Quakers were not tolerated in Massachusetts. Some of them were whipped, some had their ears cut off, some were branded with hot irons, and some were put to death. William Penn, a Quaker, settled in Pennsylvania where he, like Roger Williams, made friends with the Indians and dealt with them fairly. Catholics settled in Maryland, where they could worship free from molestation.

The early settlers in the Carolinas were Englishmen who came in 1670. In 1685, French Huguenots came from France. These were followed by Germans and Scotch-Irish. In this way, little by little, the original thirteen states which formed the American Union came into existence. Before the Revolutionary War they worked along independent lines. Religious differences stood in the way of their unity as a people. Intolerance on the part of one faction towards an-

other had to be gradually broken down.

The Beginning of Liberty of Conscience

Roger Williams believed that the American continent belonged to the Indians and that foreign kings had no legal or moral right to grant charters to take possession of the land. He further taught that men should be at liberty to worship as they chose and a man's faith should be guarded against compulsion or interference on the part of others. Practicing what he taught, he purchased the land from the Indians and dealt justly with them and, because of it, was able, with his followers, to establish a colony at Providence in Rhode Island. Others joined with him and his settlement took firm root. From the beginning entire freedom of conscience was granted to all. The principle of freedom of worship and freedom of thought was first laid down by Roger Williams, and from this small beginning it spread. Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, had granted like freedom after much trouble and the overthrow of religious prejudice.

Growth of the American Colonies

From the founding of Jamestown (in Virginia) and the Pilgrim Colony at Plymouth in Massachusetts until the close of the French and Indian War, the growth of the American settlements was slow. Those who came to America determined to make it their home. These people of Europe were of the sturdy middle class. Nearly all of the people in the colonies spoke English. The greater part of them were Protestants, with a few Catholics and some Huguenots from France. By the year 1643, there were about 26,000 people in New England, about one-fifth of these having been born on American soil.

The French had taken possession of the country to the north, known as Canada. The Dutch had come to New York, which they called New Netherland, and the Spanish to Florida and Mexico. Although all of these people were professed Christians, worshiping the same God, yet they could not live in peace. War was brought on among the nations of Europe because of trade rivalry and territorial claims in the colonization of America. The British conquered the Dutch and took from them the territory which they had colonized, and renamed it New York. The war between Great Britain and France resulted in the defeat of the French, and England took possession of all country to the north. When the American revolution broke out there were thirteen English colonies which joined together, governing a territory from Maine on the north to Georgia on the south, and the population was nearly all east of the Alleghanies. In 1763, the entire population of these colonies was between 1,600,000 and 1,800,000 souls. No census had been taken so that the exact figure cannot be given. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Charleston were the chief cities, and the largest of these, Philadelphia, had a population of about 20,000 souls. The population of the whole country was divided about equally north and south of the Mason Dixon line, a dividing

line which was to play an important part in the later history of the country.

Of this population there were about 400,000 negro slaves, most of them south of the Mason and Dixon line. Unfortunately negro slavery was introduced into America shortly after the first settlements were established. Because of this condition it may be seen that the white population of the North was greater than the white population of the South.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What factors made for the permanancy of Anglo-Saxon settlements in the new land which were lacking among the Spaniards and French?

2. In what manner has the Lord, according to promise, fortified America against all other nations?

3. Show that Canada, although nominally under the British crown, has complete self-government.

4. Can you sustain the statement that "America has been the cradle of liberty for the whole world?"

5. Assign a member to cite examples of the intolerance practiced by the Puritans and others against Quakers, Catholics, and those who differed in belief from them.

6. Show that "political and religious freedom was of slow but natural growth."

7. What was the contribution of Roger Williams, Ann Hutchinson, William Penn, and Lord Baltimore toward religious freedom and tolerance?

8. Indicate the extent to which the American colonies had grown by the time of the Revolutionary War. Where were the chief settlements?

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 15—Review of the 6/8 Baton Pattern; Style and Interpretation of Music; Music Material and Books for Study; Music as a Missionary

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To refine the technique of conducting and expression of music; to become more informed about music and its far-reaching spiritual powers.

Review of 6/8 Rhythm

In the further study and the review of 6/8 rhythm keep in mind the importance of smooth and sustained baton motions when the tempo is slow so that the flow of rhythm shall not be disturbed.

Practice the following hymns:

(a) "Sweet Hour of Prayer"
(b) "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"

In conducting 6/8 rhythm in fast tempo, and where the 2/4 pattern is to be used, remember that the up-beat (count two) should move upward without being hurried or stressed. Conduct the pattern with ease and buoyancy.

(a) Select songs for practice.

(b) Songs in 6/8 rhythm that are in slow tempo, and in which an important word or syllable occurs on count four, should be conducted with a broader and a more vigorous motion on that beat.

Examples:

(1) "Silent Night"

(2) "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief"

Style and Interpretation of Music

Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise,
The towers, the domes, the temples fall;
The fortress crumbles and decays;
One breath of song outlives them all.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Adapt the phrasing to the text of a song. Breath should be taken at points where an idea or thought has been completed. The general rule is to phrase at all punctuation marks. The exception to this rule is when the punctuation marks appear after single words or very short word groups as:

(a) "Come, Come, Ye Saints"
(b) "I Need Thee, O I Need Thee"
(c) "Nearer, Dear Saviour, to Thee"

Instead of taking a breath at such places, merely suspend the breath, which silences the tone for an instant and produces the same effect as if a breath had been taken. Such careful phrasing gives proper meaning to the words of a song.

"The poem is really the soul of any song, and its hearers are entitled to follow it. The most beautiful vocal projection loses its effect if the words are unintelligible."—Victoria Anderson and Viola Morris (*Etude*).

The words of a song should be sung in a beautiful tone quality and in a manner that will give full meaning to the text:

(a) First consider the subject of the song.

(b) Read the words over several times in order to understand the message without the music.

(c) Express the word message beautifully, and with an understanding and vitality which make the text sound as if it were one's own expression.

Read the words as if they were being given before an audience. Use the proper inflections and sufficient volume to be easily heard. In so doing the possibilities of the text will be revealed—key words and syllables will be stressed and unimportant ones subdued. Light and shades in volume will then naturally follow.

All of these instructions and suggestions are of equal importance to the accompanist and should, therefore, be used in her work.

(d) Style in singing and playing is largely determined and identified by a consistent use of the following types of expression:

Legato—smooth, connected, graceful
Staccato—detached, short
Semi-staccato—less detached
Marcato—accented, marked
Demi-marcato—less marked

1. For the markings and abbreviations of these terms refer to chapter fourteen or seventeen in the textbook; to a music dictionary under "Signs"; or to the individual words in *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, under, "Arbitrary Signs and Symbols," (page 3007, in the second edition).

2. The artistic use of these types of expression gives the ever-needed contrast and beauty to musical performance, both vocal and instrumental.

Music as a Missionary

Music awakens interest, which is one of the first prerequisites to missionary work.

Music, with words, not only creates interest but invites attentive listening.

Music set to inspirational words stimulates the consciousness towards thoughtful consideration of the text, the first requisite to fruitful missionary activity.

Inspiring music, with sacred words, challenges the mind with religious philosophies.

Music has the power to warm the cold, indifferent heart.

The singing of our own hymns, bearing the gospel message, is often the key that opens a spiritual conversation, in the home or elsewhere, and sometimes leads to conversion.

Dame Clara Butt, England's great contralto, said:

"Those singers are fortunate whose musical knowledge commenced with the cradle and, whose first master was that greatest of all teachers, the mother."

Music Material and Suggested Books for Study

Sacred Three-part Songs (S.S.A.)	*Composer*	*Publisher*
"Be Thou Exalted, O God" (easy)	Demarest	Arthur P. Schmidt
"Galilean Easter Carol"	Shure	Belwin
"O Lord Most Merciful (easy)	Concone	Lorenz
"Sing Forth His High Eternal Name"	Cuthbert Harris	Arthur P. Schmidt
"O Jesus, Thou Art Standing"	Schubert	Carl Fischer
Sacred Two-part Songs		
"Come We That Love the Lord"	Barnes	Willis
"Thy House Forever"	Protheroe	G. Schirmer
"Lift Up Your Heads"	Bixby	Willis
Books for Study		
"Elementary Harmony"	Orem	Presser
"Music for the Multitude"	Harrison	MacMillan
"Universal Song," Vols. 1, 2, and 3	Hayward	G. Schirmer
"Music for Everybody"	Spaeth	Leisure League of America, New York

A Strange Christmas Eve

(*Continued from page 37*)

She lay quietly for what seemed a long time, and then she heard movements in the living room. She imagined the footsteps were going to the corner where the gun had been placed. Slowly Gwen arose, and moving as quietly as possible, placed the back of a chair under the knob of the door, since there was no key to turn. Then she pushed the dresser across the carpeted room until that too formed a barricade. She lifted Susan and placed her next the wall in her own bed and then climbed in herself, still trembling and silently praying.

THE soft noises continued in the next room for what seemed hours to Gwen, and then all became quiet. Then she wished the noises would continue because the silence seemed even more threatening.

She must have dozed, because Bill Junior came bounding into her room in bathrobe and slippers calling, "Mommy, it's almost light outside; may we go in now and see what Santa left for us?"

All the worry of the night returned. Why, she had not even removed the cookies and milk as she usually did, but it was too late now. They would have to face their disappointment. She drew her own robe and slippers on, carefully removed the dresser and chair from the door, while Susan hunted for her slippers and Bill returned

for his flashlight, and then they filed into the firelighted room.

The squaw was sitting where they had left her last night, but the sack was in the corner by the gun, and the blanket was folded loosely on the floor in front of the fireplace. To Gwen's amazement, the cookie plate was empty, as was the glass, and the children were shouting that Santa had been there as they had known he would. They brought their stockings to show her, and there were brightly colored beads and a pair of beaded moccasins in Susan's and a beaded belt and moccasins in Bill's. True, the Indian slippers were too large for their feet, but that seemed to make little difference because the belt was right, and the beads were perfect.

The eyes of the two women who had been a lifetime apart last night met in perfect understanding, and there were tears in Gwen's as she made her gratitude known in silence.

When the three men returned at noon, with additional gifts Santa had entrusted to them because he could not get his largest pack through the slide, the cabin seemed bursting with gratitude and Christmas cheer. Beaver Charley and his wife held an animated conference in their own language and then he explained to Gwen alone that they had sold all the children's moccasins in town and had kept only these two pairs for their own sons who were much older than these children. Gwen was to keep them, however, until smaller ones were made and then they could be exchanged.

Beaver Charley added, "My woman says thank you for the cookies and milk you left for her last night."

When Gwen explained that the Indians had two boys at home with their grandmother, Bill Junior and Susan selected two of their best books—one of brightly colored animals and one of birds, to send as their gifts. Gwen insisted that they accept a box with some of her prized chokecherry jelly, dried corn, and a dozen fresh eggs.

And so there was established a beautiful friendship between these two families of different races, but with hearts filled with the same Christmas spirit.

Replica of Yesteryear

(*Continued from page 39*)

his throat with great difficulty before he, in a choky sort of way, sang:

> Light the candles on the tree.
> One for Mom, one for Pop,
> One for Jim and one for me.

This was an old rhyme they had sung since the boys were old enough to understand stories. Alice had told them of her girlhood Christmases when wax candles graced the Christmas tree as there was no electricity in her rural home. The boys had begged for wax candles. She, eager to satisfy their eager demands, had brought four bright candles. Placing the four simple candles upon the brightly globed

tree, along with the singing of the little jingle, had become the big event of the decorating scheme. Each Christmas the ritual had been carried out.

Try as she might, Alice could not push last year from her mind. "One for Mom, one for Pop, one for Jim, and one for me." Ray had barely finished the last of the rhyme when the knocker had chimed in the hallway and Alex had received the never-to-be-forgotten telegram.

Now, three days before Christmas, Alex lugged the tree into the house with a cheerful, "How's that, Mother? A beauty, huh?"

"It's beautiful, Alex," Alice responded with forced enjoyment, thinking all the while, dear Alex, what an actor you are.

Christmas Eve came all too soon. Together, with simulated gaiety, they took the trimmings from the attic and dressed the tree in all its splendor. In spite of the puns and the jokes, each sensed the ache in the other.

The lights were tested and placed just so, the tinsel was draped with meticulous care, gay Santas were suspended from the branches and teetered in happy abandon, and the golden angel, planted on the uppermost twig, reigned in all her glory. But one small blue box remained unopened on the mantel. Alice and Alex purposely avoided it. Each was waiting for the other to suggest that it be opened.

Alex cleared his throat, and with a gesture of nonchalance, said, "Here's something we forgot to open."

Casually he handed the box to Alice.

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Not to be outdone, she slowly untied the string, gently lifted the crumpled tissue, and slowly removed the four candles from the box. She handed two of them to Alex and kept two for herself.

ALEX spent a long, long time attaching them to the boughs, while Alice sought special places for her candles. After considerable fixing and unfixing, the candles stood tall and graceful, awaiting the match that would change them into glowing beacons.

Alex and Alice, like two frightened children, looked at each other. The rhyme could not come from their dry throats.

The knocker on the door broke the silence, and the chimes began their usual peel. Moving as an actor in a well-rehearsed scene, Alex opened the door and automatically reached out his hand for the telegram.

Alice, as if her knees could not bear the weight of her body, sank into the big chair. As Alex handed her the unopened message she closed her eyes for a moment and then mechanically tore the flap and began to read.

Having read, she laid her head on Alex's shoulder and gave way to the pent-up tears. Alex placed his arm firmly around her waist and studied the message. Having drunk of its contents, he placed it on the mantel, took his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped Alice's tear-stained face. He took hold of Alice's hand and said, "Come, Mother, we haven't yet sung the rhyme."

Alice lifted her face, blinked back the tears and, greatly off-key, joined with Alex in the rhyme.

The leaping flames from the fireplace splashed the mantel and threw golden shadows over the words of the telegram:

Light the candles on the tree, one for Mom, one for Pop, one for Jim, and one for me. I've found Jim.

Ray

Prayer

Dorothy R. Salyer

Prayer, the tie that binds
Our footsteps to the path
That leads to higher climes,
Where love is righteousness;
Where God in mercy reigns
And sends his spirit down
To quell the world's disdain,
To fill the heart with peace again

Through This Door

(*Continued from page 43*)

"I think a dozen is a nice even number, don't you, Mary Ruth?"

I stepped back. "Well . . . I . . . that is, I never thought of it."

He said to the babies, "She used to be very truthful when she was young . . . like you."

I giggled. "Well, then, I do agree with you, Doctor. Twelve is a nice, even number." I backed hastily away. "No . . . Sir, don't you dare. Not here. They don't allow kissing in the nursery."

"Very well," he said and put his mask back on, "but only because I respect head nurses as much as you. Now tell me, when will you be through here?"

I looked at my watch. "In just fifteen minutes and thirty seconds."

He went to the door. "I'll be waiting down on the lawn, by that third lilac from the left. Mary Ruth, I do love you."

He was gone, and the nursery was still, except for the Jefferson baby who was getting hungry. But it seemed like music to me . . . like the notes of a new song, as though something magical and most unprofessional was filling the air with beauty.

I thought of Mrs. Marriott. Oh, I would call her tonight. And what would I say . . . except thank you, my darling, and thank you again and again, and all women like you, the undefeated, the brave, the tender, forever helping others to push open the dark and bitter doors to the shining future.

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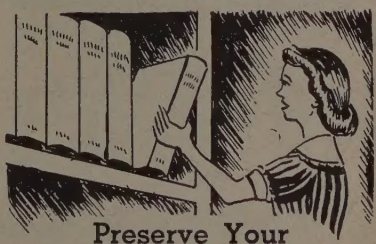

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I send all my *Relief Society Magazines* after I have read them to a new member of our Church in North Carolina. There is no Relief Society organization in her community as yet.

—Mabel Law Atkinson,
Dayton, Idaho.

I express my appreciation for the many articles, lessons, and items of interest that I have enjoyed over the years and hope the *Magazine* will always continue to be the life blood of Relief Society everywhere.

—Miriam B. Neal, Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy and appreciate the *Magazine*. My daughters, thirteen and ten, are learning to enjoy it almost as much as I do, and I am indeed thankful for the lovely stories that come into my home in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Mrs. Rinda Rowley Willson,
Elmo, Utah

Needless to say, the *Magazine* is an inspiration to all us mothers, and I for one look forward to receiving each issue. There is always some story which serves as reminder of my blessings, of my responsibility in rearing a family, and of my obligation to serve God in his Church.

—Dora D. Flack, Salt Lake City, Utah

The Relief Society poets are the best in the world (in my estimation)—Christie Lund Coles, Dorothy J. Roberts, Grace Sayre, and Margery S. Stewart. I know good poetry, and each month after reading the poems in the *Magazine* I marvel at the expressions used by these writers. They are wonderful.

—Clara Laster, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Alice Morrey Bailey, well-known and popular contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has recently been honored by having her story "Nugget of Truth" (First prize story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, 1947, published in the *Magazine* for January 1948) featured as a special reading for "Fireside" programs in many wards of the Church.

Words cannot express how I feel about *The Relief Society Magazine*, especially for the opportunity which is given to new writers to express themselves. As Relief Society president of the Tulsa, Oklahoma Branch, I am very proud of all the lovely articles published by one of our members—Clara Laster. The one on "The Neglected Art of Photo-Coloring" in the November issue was wonderful. Such articles as hers will surely be welcomed by all readers.—Margaret Oliver, Tulsa Oklahoma.

I like *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. I have been confined to my bed for the past ten years with arthritis, so am unable to take an active part in the Church, and so am most happy to have the *Magazine*.

—Rhoda Bryant,
Basalt, Idaho

Any words I might say of the enjoyment and inspiration given to us by *The Relief Society Magazine* would be insufficient to express our gratitude to you who make the *Magazine*. To us so far away from home it guides and leads us in all we do.

—Catherine F. Golding
Puerto Rico

For nine months *The Relief Society Magazine* was the only connection I had with the Church. In those months I found out the full enjoyment you can receive from this wonderful *Magazine*.

—Nellie Rae Beagle
Miles City, Montana

Thank you for making available such a fine *Magazine*. It is truly a family *Magazine*, and the inspiration and help we all receive from it cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

—Evelyn L. Winward
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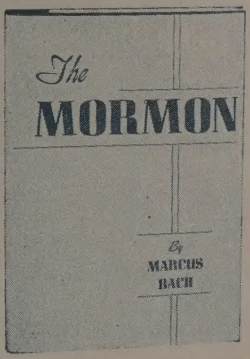

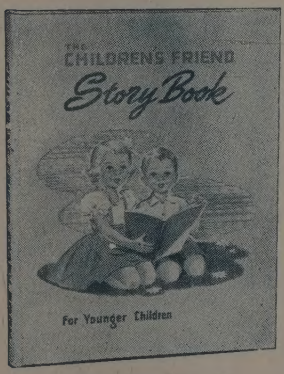

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